INSIDE: A WONDERFUL DETACHABLE SUPPLEMENT

TV's GREAT YEAR by GILBERT HARDING

Week ending September 26 1953
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

—and the start of Gilbert Harding's own outspoken story of his life

ALONG MY LINE

Written specially for John Bull

REVEAL *your natural loveliness*

...WITH KNIGHT'S CASTILE

Let admiring glances confirm what your mirror has already told you . . . that Knight's Castile reveals your hidden beauty. This kindest, mildest of soaps, made with such skill and care from a blend of *natural* oils, lifts away the dusty veil that conceals the fresh loveliness of your skin. Knight's Castile is a descendant of the original Castile soap, which was first made for the beauties of 12th century Castile.

Makes the most of your natural beauty

Distributors: Hudson & Knight Limited

KC401-80

EDITORIAL

Viewing ahead

THIS week JOHN BULL presents its second Television Supplement. Since our first, a year ago, a million more people have bought sets, and the Coronation has provided a wonderful spectacle for twenty million people.

It has been a year of great progress—bringing new responsibilities.

In a detailed survey of the effect of TV on young people, a group in Coventry, under the auspices of Birmingham University, reported last winter that one out of four young people in the town watched TV for an average of 3.5 evenings a week.

MR. MAX GORDON, the compiler of the report and a tutor in psychology, adds: "The worst effect of television is that its attraction is too great. Teenagers are much too glued to their sets. And this is probably true of the majority of adults as well."

MR. GORDON
"Glued to their sets . . ."

The hypnotic spell of the screen in the living-room will become even more potent when there is a choice of programmes.

In America, where listeners have several stations to choose from, the average television family viewed for five and a half hours daily—a third of the time it was awake—in March, 1952.

As the numbers of viewers increase, so does the obligation of the B.B.C. to seek ever higher standards.

NOT a week passes without a crop of technical faults interrupting the programmes and infuriating the viewers. Actors, not allowed enough rehearsal time, forget their lines. An amateur atmosphere all too often embarrasses the audience.

There have been consistent successes, but many of them, like *In The News* and *What's My Line?* are merely continuations of earlier efforts.

Even the year's greatest dramatic success, *The Course Of Justice*, was a revival.

Too many of the new programmes have been flops. *Why?* was an insult to everyone's intelligence, outstripped in banality only by *Reggie Little At Large*. While some of the plays are worth watching, every good one like *Anastasia* has three deadweights to balance.

CONSISTENT *quality* is what the expansion of TV demands from the B.B.C. And cheaper sets and much cheaper replacement parts are the task for the radio industry itself.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A SCENE like this occurs in 2,500 British homes every day, as more and more families adopt the twentieth century's fastest growing—and most controversial—form of entertainment. B.B.C. planners expect seven million TV-radio homes in ten years, in addition to six million equipped with radio only. But so far Harry Zelinski has not experienced the excitement he portrays in his cover painting. He has no TV set—and does not plan to buy one.

To read or sew . . . Beneath the glow
Of an Osram light . . . Makes home more bright!

Osram
THE WONDERFUL LIGHT
A G.E.C. Product The General Electric Co. Ltd.

"Oh dear!—one of my precious eggs. Never mind, I can make the floor bright and clean again with a touch of 'Mansion'."

MANSION POLISH
Your FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM
Tins 11d. 1/6 and 3/9
FOR DARK FLOORS USE DARK MANSION

Trousers are better
fastened with
LIGHTNING zips
'Lightning' zips are the quick, easy trouser fastening—what is more they are *reliable*. 'Lightning' zips keep trousers trim and neat from every angle: they are the best trouser fastening.
LIGHTNING
—the reliable zip
LIGHTNING FASTENERS
LIMITED, BIRMINGHAM
(A subsidiary company of
Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.)
ICI
LF.130

SEPTEMBER 26, 1953 VOL. 94 NO. 2465 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Keep busy and stay young

AT a recent exhibition held by a thriving group of amateur artists, I chatted with one of the exhibitors, a handsome, active man who told me that he was in his late seventies. "When you reach my age you need interests like this or you grow rusty. The only way to keep young is to keep busy," he remarked.

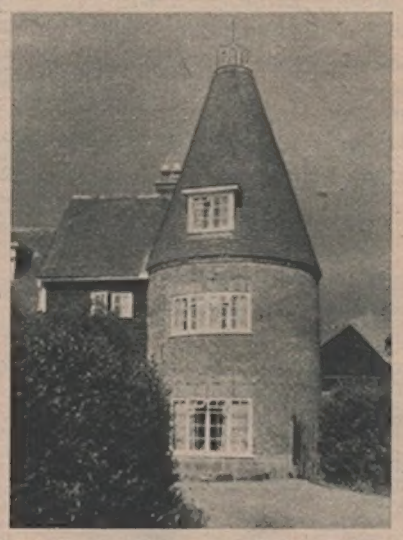
I learned that he was more than sixty when he took up again his boyhood love of painting. He had gone to evening classes for a time and then joined the art club. Now its meetings are one of the highlights of his week. He also finds the time to collect old coins and cactus plants, to go fishing regularly and to play the piano for an old people's club. "It's the winters I don't like," he said. "My wife positively forbids me to go for my weekly dip at the baths."—T. C., London, W.8.

Vicar's Problem

AS a clergyman, I am often asked to write a testimonial in favour of an applicant for employment of whom I have little or no knowledge. The clergy are easily accessible, and they are willing to help. But it is reasonable to expect that, for the sake of good faith, the applicants should be known within the scope of a clergyman's observation—that is, within the life and worship of the church.—THE REV. J. HARRISON, St. Paul's Vicarage, Stockton-on-Tees.

Oast-house Home

RONALD LAMPITT'S cover painting of a Kentish oast-house appeared in JOHN BULL a fortnight after we made our home in an oast-house which had been converted into flats (*see picture below*). Only two of our rooms are



round—the bedroom and the sitting-room, where a red-brick fireplace has been built to the curve. It always shortens my journey home to see our conical roof standing out in the distance.—E. C., Ticehurst, Sussex.

Ask The Sergeant

AS a sergeant in the Royal Army Educational Corps, I was amused to read in "Free Speech" (September 5) of the teacher whose holiday friends expect her to solve their educational problems. She would hardly enjoy a job with one of the Service education departments. I find that, apart from my usual duties, I am required to be a cross between the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and Leslie Welch, the Memory Man. If soldiers are served with a summons or wish to apply to a local authority for a house, I draft their letters. Everyone tries to catch me out with the latest teaser. And, as I am a trained projectionist, it is taken for granted that I will help with the weekly film show.—C. W., Bridgend, Glamorganshire.

Power Of The Pipes

THE strange stories told by Ronnie McCallum of the uncanny powers of the bagpipes reminded me of a weird experience. While spending a holiday evening practising some new marches on the sands, I noticed a rock moving seawards of its own accord. I stopped playing and it disappeared into the water. The next evening, after I had been playing for a time, the rock came out of the sea again and settled itself on the beach. Again I stopped playing; again it headed for the water. I investigated and found that it was a seal, one of many which had been playing havoc with the fishing. A New Zealand visitor waited for it with a gun and shot it—much to the satisfaction of the local fishermen.—F. L., Moseley, Birmingham.

Holiday Workers

PEOPLE sometimes complain that grammar school sixth-formers waste their time in the holidays. This year many of my friends took temporary jobs, some on the land and some in offices. With several others I worked in a factory. We cleaned windows, sewed sacks, made jam and stacked coal.—ALISTAIR MURRAY, York.

And Now "Digby"

A FRIEND of mine living in the U.S.A. shares my reading tastes, and I find the JOHN BULL serials an ideal guide in choosing books to send her for birthdays, Christmas and other occasions. If I like a serial, I buy the book when it is published, and away it goes to swell her library, which already includes Winston Graham's *Night Without Stars*, Victor Canning's *Venetian Bird*, Paul Brickhill's *The Dam Busters* and Nevil Shute's *In The Wet*. Now that I have finished David Walker's bright-and-breezy tale, *Digby*, there is no doubt what book my friend will receive for her next birthday.—WALTER H. FORD, Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

TV Protest

WHEN we bought our TV set, my wife and I spent most evenings watching the show. Our dog Scottie grew steadily more discontented. He was missing the attention to which he was accustomed. One day, after finding that nobody would play with him, he staged what appeared to be almost a deliberate protest. He wandered away into another room and there, later, we found the *Radio Times* torn to shreds in the hearth. — L. E. J., Tunbridge Wells.

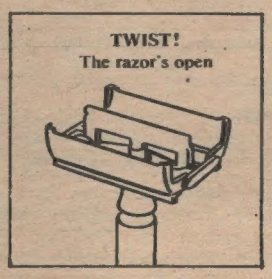
America's Oldest

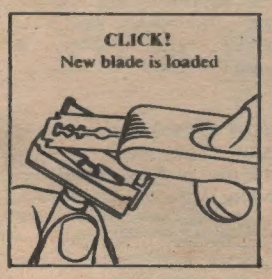
READERS from all parts of Britain have claimed in "Free Speech" that they have visited the country's smallest church. What other overseas tourists will think of this, I cannot say. But we Americans will understand. I have seen the oldest house in the U.S.A. in several places, and

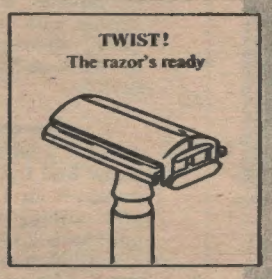
Continued on page 6

Quick-action razor with quick-feed Blue Gillette Dispenser

The most modern shaving development! Quick-action Gillette razor with quick-feed Blue Gillette Dispenser, that's Superspeed shaving. Twist—the razor's open, a new blade in a flash from the quick-feed Dispenser, twist—the razor's closed ready for a fast smooth shave. And to end the old blade nuisance, the Gillette Dispenser has a built-in container for used blades. Double-edged for double-life Blue Gillette blades teamed with their own precision made razor give you the world's finest shaving. Start Super-speed shaving today with a Gillette 'Rocket' Set.



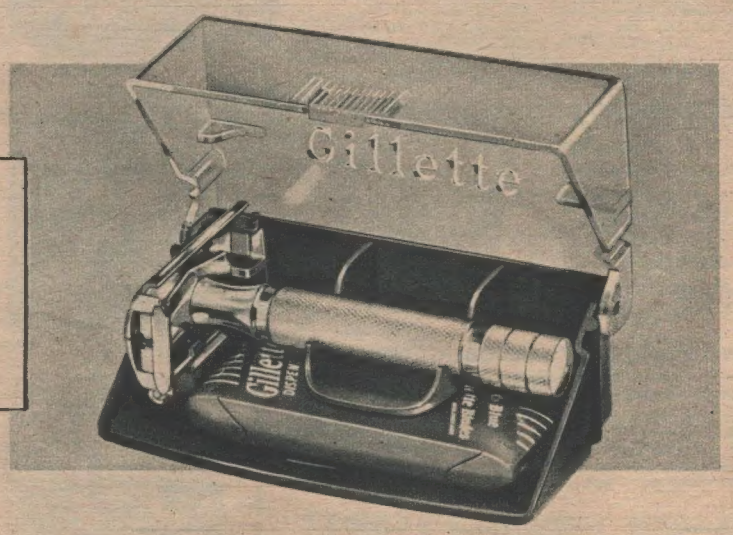




The Gillette 'Rocket' Set

8/6 value for 6/6

Here's the chance of a lifetime to take up the world's smoothest, fastest shaving system. Quick-action one-piece Gillette Razor. Quick-feed Dispenser with six Blue Gillette Blades with used blade container. Compact moulded case with transparent lid. All this for only 6/6d.



Gillette *Superspeed Shaving*

Have a GOOD RUM for your money

A PLEASURE
NOT TO BE MISSED

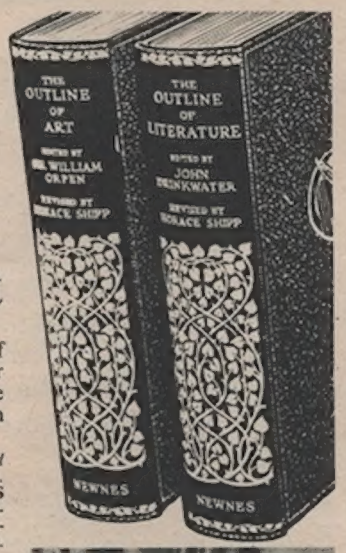
Examine for 7 days without obligation

The Outline of Literature and Art

NEW AND ENLARGED DE LUXE EDITION

This is one of the most comprehensive surveys of the wide panorama of Literature and Art ever published. It will help you to appreciate more fully the work of the great masters, and the often controversial Literature and Art of to-day.

YOU WILL ENJOY: *Famous Myths and Legends. Sacred Books. Renaissance. Shakespeare. Milton. Bunyan. Pepys. Burns. Dickens, etc. The Modern Writers.* ART PLATES *include The Last Supper* and *Mona Lisa* (da Vinci). *The Laughing Cavalier* (Frans Hals) *and masterpieces by* Titian, Gainsborough, Turner, Renoir, Michael Angelo, Constable, etc.



YOU RECEIVE FOR 7 DAYS' EXAMINATION

2 Superbly bound volumes, decoration in REAL GOLD.

1,836 Profusely illustrated pages.

400 Whole-page illustrations and **88** Plates in full colour and rich monochrome

300 World-famous paintings are reproduced.

FREE! "A MANUAL OF GOOD ENGLISH" (value 10/6)

318 pages. Presented to every purchaser of "The Outline of Literature and Art." For all who want to read, write and speak correctly.

"Ballet Girl and Dressmaker" — Dame Laura Knight.

SEND NOW! NO COST—NO OBLIGATION

To George Newnes, Ltd., 66-69 Great Queen St., London, W.C.2

YES, send me THE OUTLINE OF LITERATURE AND ART. It is understood that I may return the work within eight days. If I keep it I will send a first payment of 10s. eight days after delivery, and 10s. monthly thereafter, until £5 5s. has been paid. Cash price within eight days is £5.

NAME.....
(*block letters*)
ADDRESS.....
.....
Occupation.....
Signature.....
(*or your Parent's Signature if under* 21)
OLA 36/3

HOUSEOWNER or TENANT? (Strike out one)

"Lady in a Rocking Chair" —Pablo Picasso.

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

multitudes of antique homes claim "George Washington slept here." We had no King Charles to sleep in oak trees, but we have hundreds of oaks under which thousands of treaties were signed with innumerable Indians. —R. J. MOULTON, East Orange, New Jersey, U.S.A.

Policeman's Job

JOHN BULL'S editorial on police duties was of especial interest to me as a spare-time pig-keeper. Twice a year I buy two young pigs for fattening. To comply with the Diseases of Animals Act, the man who sells them to me informs the local police, and within a few hours a constable calls to see that they have arrived. Twenty-eight days later the police look me up again, presumably to see that the pigs are settling in nicely. Swine fever is a serious matter, but the work could be done just as well by men too old for normal police service.—A. Y., Ipswich, Suffolk.

. . . A constable who brings a drunken or dangerous driver to court is doing a job as valuable as that of his colleague who catches a small-time thief.—MRS. V. T., Ashford, Middlesex.

It is the responsibility of the policeman, acting as an inspector representing the local authority, to ensure that for their first twenty-eight days in their new home the animals are kept isolated from other pigs, says an officer of the Suffolk County Police. This is done to guard against the spread of infection.

Man At Work

WALKING home one night, my girl friend saw an old man stumbling among the uprooted flagstones on a road repairs site. She seized him firmly by the arm and led him past the scene of the excavations to safety. Then, when she asked him if he would be all right, he said: "It's very kind of you to help me, my dear, but I must go back now—you see, I'm the night-watchman."—P. A. CHALLIS, Brownhills, Walsall, Staffs.

No Tails On

MANY mothers try to keep "nightmare" nursery rhymes and pictures from their children ("Free Speech," September 5). When my daughter was given a nursery-rhyme book for her second birthday, I decided to cut out a page with a picture showing the Three Blind Mice and the bloodstained carving knife which had just cut off their tails. Unfortunately my daughter saw the picture before I had a chance to remove it. I expected her to scream with terror. But all she said, quite philosophically, was: "Poor mouses—no tails on!"—MRS. K. T., Carlisle.

Stranded Scots

AFTER a holiday in Switzerland, my friend and I, two kilted youths, found ourselves in London with no money and nothing to eat—we had missed our coach home to Scotland. We had a tent with us, so we inquired at a police station about a camping site. "There's no site for miles but, if you care to wait, we may have a vacant cell," said the constable on duty. We waited, and in the station canteen we were given tea, bread and butter and chips. As it happened, we missed our cell; it was occupied just before midnight. The sergeant apologized for this and asked us if we would mind making do with the public waiting-room. My friend slept on the table and I spent the night on three wooden chairs. We were called in the morning with tea and a cigarette. — S. MCGINNIS, Renfrewshire.

Cover Girls

MY daughter, who is six, gazed with delight at Harry Zelinski's cover-painting (September 5) and said:

"Mummy, these children are wearing my school uniform!" — MRS. D. McEVOY, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

Zelinski's models were his daughters Diana, a pupil at the preparatory school for St. Bernard's Convent, Westcliff-on-Sea, and Pauline, who is joining her sister this term. He has dressed them in the school uniform, with its yellow and navy tie changed to one in two shades of blue.

Seeds In Ohio

THE disabled ex-serviceman who plants flowers in country lanes ("Free Speech, September 5) had a forerunner in America known as Johnny Appleseed. Wearing sackcloth or skins, he travelled barefoot in Ohio, carrying a satchel containing seeds and plants. These he would scatter as he wandered along. Sometimes he stopped at a cabin and made the settler a present, such as a seedling of Norwegian spruce. But apple seeds were, of course, his speciality.—J. T., Derbyshire.

Johnny Appleseed, who always carried a Bible as well as his seeds, was John Chapman, who died in his seventies in 1847.

Lantern Parades

MY two daughters have been joining the German children here in their delightful lantern marches. As darkness falls, groups of youngsters parade the streets, singing and carrying paper lanterns on sticks. Each lantern is lit by a candle, and some are decorated with painted faces. — MRS. B. BRISTOW, Hesedorf, Germany.

These processions are held in all parts of Germany throughout September and in early October. Originally they marked the happy breathing-space between the bringing home of the harvest and the hard winter that lay ahead.

ANOTHER MAGNIFICENT SUPPLEMENT NEXT WEEK

HORNBLOWER AND THE NELSON TOUCH

by C. S. FORESTER

See announcement on page 13

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Because it does a SPOTLESS BOIL Surf is...

THE WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE DETERGENT

YOU CAN BOIL IN SURF. That's the advance Surf has made over other detergents, and that's what made Surf the world's first complete detergent.

NAPPIES? See a baby gurgling with pleasure, nestled in a comfy, snowy-white nappy and you can bet the nappy's been boiled in Surf. With Surf in the boil, the dirt rolls out, even the hidden, deep-down dirt that other products leave behind.

STAINS? Stains vanish. After a Surf boil, *all* your white things come out *spotlessly* white.

COLOUREDS? Into Surf with coloureds too, to see them look like captured sunshine, *spotlessly* bright.

Thousands of happy housewives say there's nothing else, new or old, that can equal a spotless Surf wash. And Surf makes water so soft—soft as rain. That's welcome news for your hands.

YOU AND SURF. Don't just take our word for it—next washday, do try Surf. Whites, coloureds, your whole wash will be spotless, because Surf is the world's most complete detergent—complete!

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

What with a kiddie and a cat—both full of bounce—there's an awful lot of smudging and staining all through the week. Happily, one good boil with Surf brought the whites up spotlessly. And when Mummy saw how Surf put new sparkle into her summer frocks—some of them ages old—she knew that this was her most successful washday of summer.

FAMILY SIZE 1/11d, HANDY SIZE 1/-

SUR 28-1345

Who said Brahms wrote Boogie?

Anne did—and she brought a record along to prove it . . . but we're still arguing. Then Judy tried to crack a cup by singing high notes! No luck, of course—and just as well: Mother was just pouring out marvellous chocolate. "Mm . . . rich and sweet, just like Bing Crosby's records," said Anthea. So we had both . . . wonderful end to the evening.

Drinking Chocolate that's really chocolatey: that's Cadbury's. It's perfectly simple to make. Just add three teaspoonfuls to each cup of hot milk; stir; it's ready!
1/5 a half pound tin

CADBURY'S

DRINKING

CHOCOLATE

The warm-hearted drink

Beginning the frank, personal story of the man who is too outspoken for his own good

ALONG MY LINE

by Gilbert Harding

I WAS BORN IN the Union Workhouse, Hereford, on Wednesday, June 5, 1907—the afternoon Orby won the Derby. My father was master there, and Mother was matron. There is something very peculiar—and quite damning to the ego—about being brought up in a workhouse as child of the master and matron. There are lots of people who call you Master Gilbert. There are plenty of people to wait on you. You never see your mother engaged in any domestic work—there are plenty of other people about to make beds, clean shoes, fetch and carry.

So you get the feeling that you are somebody; and unless that feeling is very carefully corrected by your parents, it can be very dangerous. For when you get outside and start growing up and away from that environment you find that you are not some special kind of royal princeling, after all. You learn that children of workhouse officials are regarded as little better than pauper inmates. Socially, you are classed as inferior to the sons of petty tradesmen and clerks. It is argued that the rates these people pay help to keep you, along with the paupers, in comfort—an item which they are not slow to point out.

As with everyone, my first five years laid the foundation of everything that followed. Before I could talk, I acquired a quite spurious sense of grandeur despite the fact (which I did not then know) that my parents' joint income did not amount to more than £90 a year.

In a far corner of the garden there was a most wonderful sandpit to play in. Here I acted out fantasies of command. I was a pirate chief, an explorer, a general leading his troops to victory. When the sand gave out and the pit became a rubbish dump, it was even more exciting.

My father was a quiet, kindly man. My chief recollection of him was his gentle remonstrance when, like him, I called my mother by her Christian name. "Never," he said, "never again let me hear you refer to your mother as May. I call her May. *You* call her Mummy." I am glad he insisted on this; I loathe the modern tendency of some parents to allow Christian names from their children.

My father, quite unlike me, was universally liked. This may seem a paradox considering he was a workhouse master in the days when Dickens's Oliver Twist could easily have been one of the more ancient inmates. But Father was a "good companion" in the best sense; a good cricketer with a host of friends.

Above: Gilbert Harding on location at Goodwood Races, where he recently made a film. Things were different at his boyhood boarding school. "The sexes were segregated," he writes. "Even the exchanging of glances was forbidden"

In those days, poor folk were still expected to know their place. Father—while by no means progressive or revolutionary—did consider other people's feelings. Perhaps he had a vocation for this work, for I come from workhouse officials on both sides of the family. My mother's father, Charles King, the son of a Buckinghamshire farm labourer, was a bright little boy who received more schooling than most lads of his class at that period. Some time during the 1870s, he got a job in the Poor Law service at the Aylesbury workhouse.

Early in the nineteen hundreds my father—following in his father's tracks—went to Hereford as assistant schoolmaster in the workhouse. There he met and fell in love with my mother, grandfather King's daughter. Deciding that—since their past was so closely linked with it—their future might well lie in workhouse service, she went to Leeds to train as a nurse while my father proved his qualifications for the job of workhouse master. When, in 1905, it was time for the Kings to retire, Father and Mother were married, and that same year the Board of Guardians appointed young Mr. and Mrs. Harding to succeed the Kings as master and matron at Hereford.

From the day they married until death separated them, they never spent a night apart. As

Gilbert Harding and his sister on their father's knee. "Quite unlike me, he was universally popular," says Harding. "He had hosts of friends"

"Mother interceded for me when I irritated Grandfather, but she could not always shield me." Later, Gilbert left home for a boarding school

I grew up, I became aware of something like an intruder in my little world, another claimant to my parent's affection. This was my sister, Constance, my senior by a year—and always ahead in common sense.

I do not now remember what insane demon prompted our incessant quarrels, but one day I went too far. We were sitting at table during a very special meal on King George V's Coronation Day, when something Constance said so infuriated me that I threw a fork at her. I cut the flesh just above her left eye. A more stupid woman than my mother would no doubt have inflicted some similar violence on me; but all she did was to order me to my room where I was left quite alone, and—as is always my way after I have behaved badly—remorse overcame me. I knew I had done wrong, and awaited my punishment stoically. When it came, I was mystified.

At breakfast the following morning mother handed me a spoon. "You will eat with this spoon until you learn never to attack people weaker than yourself," she said. For months I was obliged to eat everything with this spoon. It was humiliating, but I have hated physical violence ever since.

Dislike For Grandfather

Nothing could curb me for long, however. I had quite early in life formed a violent dislike for old grandfather King, a harsh, pompous, vain man. He and his wife had gone to live in a small villa (now my mother's home) about a mile away. One day my mother took me to visit a Mr. Cooper at Ross-on-Wye, which is about twelve miles from Hereford. Mr. Cooper gave me a fine plucked chicken to take home. But when we got back, there was grandfather King waiting to take the chicken back to his villa. I was furious. Mr. Cooper had given the chicken to me. Grandfather, on the contrary, argued that the chicken was his gift, and snatched the bird from me. I never quite forgave him.

My childhood friends were the people of the workhouse. Even after all these years I remember them as some of the nicest people I have ever known. There was a Miss Pugh, a woman blessed with a noble voice, who sometimes read to me when not engaged in her duties as the workhouse laundress. During one of my many childhood illnesses I had to spend hours in bed under some sort of improvised tent, inhaling from a steam kettle. Believing myself to be gravely ill—it turned out to be a touch of pneumonia—I upset my mother by asking for Miss Pugh to come to my bedside and sing "Abide with Me," a touch of the flamboyant which I am afraid is rather typical of me.

Jessie's Nuisance Value

A splendid friend of mine was a buxom girl called Jessie, one of the housemaids. Jessie could never avoid having babies. Off she would go each year, as regularly as clockwork, getting bigger and bigger until another offspring was due, when she would disappear for a while. "Going to the farm," is how my mother would explain Jessie's periodic departures to us children. Altogether Jessie had four children, each by a different father. I would always look forward to her return and get quite upset if she was too long away "at the farm." Later, however, I began to suspect the nuisance value of my inquiries after her. So when Jessie, reformed and contented, seemed to have given up her agrarian excursions, I would sometimes ask with elaborate innocence: "When is Jessie going to the farm again?" Not that my innocence was sham; but the reaction to the question—particularly my grandfather's—was enough for me.

Mrs. Traylor, my parents' personal charwoman, worked through the week from seven in the morning till five in the evening, and till one o'clock on Saturdays. For this she received ten shillings a week and midday dinners. We used to call her "Tray." She never minded how often I trudged in from the garden, simply snatching off my muddy shoes and retiring to a corner to resume her polishings. I still like to have my shoes properly cleaned. I was literally waited on hand and foot.

Grandfather was incredibly "down" on me, though. Whenever I made any remark he would try to squash me. One day he discovered that I had been given some chocolates as a treat after breakfast.

"No more till after ten," he said sternly. I waited till he had gone, then called for Tray.

"What can I do for you, Master Gilbert?" she asked.

"Tray," I commanded, "stand on that chair over there and see if you can reach the clock on the wall."

The good old soul looked somewhat alarmed but did as she was told.

"Now unclasp the catch at the side and open the glass over the clockface," I said.

Tray did so.

"Now tell me what time it is," I went on.

"Eight-fifteen, Master Gilbert."

"Well, push the hands on to ten o'clock," I told her. Bewildered, Tray did as she was told.

"Now give me that box of chocolates," I said as Tray clambered down from the chair.

Taking the box, I began to dip into the chocolates at a great rate. No doubt I gorged myself with chocolates—I cannot remember. But my mother remembers the occasion well—particularly the rumpus my grandfather created when he found out. According to Mother, this incident happened shortly after my third birthday.

One day, a visitor, in the presence of my grandfather, said: "Think what you like about the lad, but you must admit that he nearly always says exactly what we would have liked

to say ourselves." Grandfather was not amused. Only a short while before, he had overheard me telling Mother exactly what I thought of *him*.

Before my sister and I went to school, other children competed for the honour of being invited to play in our splendid garden. The quarters in the workhouse previously occupied by orphaned boys were empty, and these also made magnificent playrooms.

At the end of what was still called "the boys' quarters" was a storeroom known as "the blanket room." This was fitted with a ventilator through which you could look directly down on the boardroom beneath. One Saturday morning, Constance and I took some of our friends up to the blanket room to let them see the Board of Guardians in session. Constance, being the eldest, had warned us to behave ourselves. But at the last minute, I and my high spirited companions could not resist playing a joke on these very important people. Pulling out two or three wooden pea-shooters, we began pelting the Board of Guardians with split peas. After that we were kept very much out of the way on Saturday mornings.

Pelted Woman With Stones

One of the guardians was a Miss Bull, the owner of a pet dachshund. She always stopped to talk to me and I became very fond of her. Yet I remember how, after the Kaiser's war broke out, the local boys pelted her with stones whenever she was seen with her "filthy little German sausage dog." I'm glad to be able to swear now that I never joined in that pogrom.

During a seaside holiday I made what was perhaps my first—but by no means last—complaint about the food offered me. I had gone up to stay with my mother's first cousin, who kept a cycle shop.

Presumably as a treat for me as well as for themselves, our hosts had hung a dead hare in the pantry and left it there till it stank terribly. Then one meal-time we were given a nauseating red mess. On asking what it was supposed to be, I was told: "Jugged hare." Quickly I pushed my plate away, crying: "I am not going to eat any of this stinking bunny."

Soon after this, the first intimations of miseries-to-come began to loom over my life. I remember the shock I felt when, for the first time, I overheard other children referring to our home as "The Spike" or "The Grubber." The way they said it, it seemed like a personal affront. But our popularity with other children was still strong—thanks to the garden, "the boys' quarters," and the sandpit-cum-rubbish dump. Certainly I was happier inside the workhouse than out.

Father's Sudden Death

The sun went in one dreary day in the winter of 1911 when, at the age of thirty, my father died after an emergency operation for appendicitis. His last preoccupation was with plans for celebrating King George V's Coronation. Months before the day, he was working out little surprises for the inmates. Everything went off according to plan (my mother saw to that) but by that time Father was in his grave.

Although Mother's appointment as matron ended with my father's death, she was reinstated when *her* father was allowed to come back as master. So her livelihood continued. The board demanded two shillings a week each for the maintenance of us two children. That doesn't sound much—but it took some finding out of a wage of about thirty shillings a week.

Whatever I did irritated my grandfather. Sometimes Mother would intercede on my behalf, but she could not always shield me. One Guy Fawkes night we had an enormous bonfire in the garden. We were about to light the fire when a woman member of the Board

Continued on page 41

"My sister was my senior by a year. I don't remember what prompted our incessant quarrels. One day, I threw a fork at her, and cut her above the eye . . . I have hated violence ever since"

THE STOLEN BRIDE

by ***ROLAND BLACKBURN***

ILLUSTRATED BY CASWELL

Young Honoré had taken her from another man and hidden her. For the priest, it was a difficult problem—until the mouse appeared

FATHER JOSEPH PATENAUDE was a learned man, but simple. He lived in a house of hewn and white-washed logs, in the Lake St. John country of Canada, and this house was all the presbytery he had. However, much of his time he was on his way somewhere, driving his 1929 jalopy over half-broken roads to christen, marry or bury some members of his scattered flock.

More concerned for others than for himself in this battle with the devil, it was as well that Father Patenaude had a chest like a bull and a forearm as mighty and gnarled as the limb of an oak. A weaker man would not have survived the rigours of his existence. But at sixty, Father Patenaude could crack a nut between his fingers and swing an axe better than any young logger who drew full wages in the woods.

It was this same Father Patenaude who carried an injured chopper five miles on his back in the year of the two winters.

One day in February of the year after he was sixty, the good Father was at home reading *De Imitatione Christi* with much profit to his soul and a feeling of peace such as he had not known recently, what with two weddings and a fight to settle in the past week.

He had taken off his moccasins and three pairs of socks, and the skirts of his soutane were wrapped comfortably about his big legs. A pan of hot pea soup simmered on the oil stove.

It was a bright winter day, very cold and clear, with the forests and rivers lying white and still in the sunlight. A patch of that sunlight came in at one of Father Patenaude's little windows, and crept along the clean planks of the floor.

The old priest leant back against the bearskin that covered his home-made armchair, and smiled with contentment. A bunk filled with rough woollen blankets, an appetite like a sled dog, and a little leisure to read. Truly, this was to be a day of peace.

Thump! A blow that shook the door broke in upon the meditations of Father Patenaude and

"Look! See what they did to me, Father!" Marie cried. She showed the thick red welts on her arm. Berube pressed close to her with his rifle

wiped the smile from his lips. A volley of pounding by an urgent fist.

The priest tugged on his moccasins and walked across the floor with a swinging stride. He took down the massive bar and flung open the door.

A young man stood swaying against the background of the white world. With both hands he clutched at the door casing, and it was obvious that he was on the point of collapse.

"Benedicte!" said the priest. "Enter, my son."

The young man staggered across the room and half fell on to a chair. He was slender, and in his twenties, but there was a strength about him which not even a voluminous sheepskin jacket could conceal.

"Could I have water?" he said, and went chalk white.

Father Patenaude held the tiny water cup to his lips, then lifted him as though he were a child and laid him down in the armchair. With a sigh of regret, the priest marked his place in *De Imitatione Christi* and put the wide piece of board which he used for a book rest down beside the chair.

"Now," he smiled. "What is the matter?"

"I'm shot," said the stranger. "It's nothing serious, but it's been bleeding too much."

"Dear me!" said Father Patenaude, turning to his medicine chest. "I will attend to that at once. And in the meantime I think you had better tell me who you are, who shot you, and what for."

"Me, I'm Honoré Lamarche, son of Pierre Lamarche, of the parish of St. Jean d'Orléans."

"On the Ile d'Orléans," muttered Father Patenaude, as he pulled off the jacket and shirt. There was a flesh wound in the shoulder; the bullet had gone on its way. "You are a long way from home. I know nothing about the people there."

"This winter I've been logging beyond Rivière au Dore with Marcellin Berube and Tibère Gendron, who hires us both. This Gendron had a niece named Marie Tessier, who is very beautiful, and she and I wish to marry. *Parbleu!* That ape of a Gendron will not permit it. Why? Because I have nothing, and he wishes her to marry Berube, who will eventually inherit a good farm. I give you my word he is a slithering fellow, a rat, although he looks well enough. I had heard of you, Father Patenaude, and so I came here."

HAVING bandaged Lamarche and helped him on with his clothing, the priest stood back, with a great knitting of shaggy brows. The young man met his gaze, but looked uneasy.

"That story," said the priest, "is one I have heard many times in the past sixty years. You have neglected to say why somebody has shot you, and why you are running away."

"Oh—that! Well, it's like this. Of course, Gendron has suspected. Last night he told Marie that she must go to St. Félicien with him and Berube before Lent and be married. She refused and he started to beat her. He is a giant of a man, this Gendron, and so I was forced to hit with a club. Marie and I fled. I had the wisdom to break their snowshoes and delay them, but before we got out of sight, Berube shot me. *Mon Dieu!* I've travelled all night, bleeding."

"Ha!" said the priest, "I begin to see light. And this beautiful Marie? Where is she now?"

"I—I've hidden her." The jaws of Honoré Lamarche set firmly. "Whatever happens to me she shall not fall into their hands again. They are following now. I climbed a tree and saw them far back on the trail. And without a doubt they will kill me unless I have your protection. They are armed."

"Let us get back to the beautiful Marie, my son. How old is she?"

"She is—well—in her eighteenth year. She

Continued on page 37

HORNBLOWER

Great new novel complete in next week's issue

THIS week, we present the first of our three great Supplement issues —issues typical of the three-fold appeal of fact, first-rate fiction and adventure that has made JOHN BULL into Britain's best family magazine.

Next week, we present the second Supplement. It will make history. We are publishing, complete in one issue, a brilliant new adventure by C. S. Forester, in advance of book publication.

The title of the short novel—it runs to nearly 20,000 words—is *Hornblower And The Nelson Touch*, and it is one of the finest stories this master of fiction has ever written.

There has seldom been such a wonderful reading offer. For, quite apart from the sparkling contents of the rest of the magazine, it provides in itself a whole evening's reading.

C. S. Forester has gone back to his hero's early days. Hornblower is a captain, and a worried man. . . .

One of William Little's colourful illustrations to the new Hornblower story.

MARIA, his young wife, is about to give birth to a child; Hornblower is just taking command of a new ship; and the Admiralty has a special job for him. A very special job. . . . He has to organize and lead Lord Nelson's funeral procession up the Thames.

In the teeth of a gale, the funeral barge begins to sink, and Hornblower is in the trickiest and most bizarre situation of his career. England would never forgive him if he let Nelson's coffin slip into the Thames mud!

Horatio Hornblower, R.N., is the most famous character of fiction for decades. Since he first appeared, in 1937, the world has taken him to its heart. His adventures are eagerly awaited in every part of the globe. In Britain there is tremendous competition among the leading magazines and newspapers for the right to publish each new story. John Bull published "Lieutenant Hornblower." It will now publish "Hornblower And The Nelson Touch." And still to come—further details will be announced next week—is a great, new, full-length novel.

There is bound to be tremendous demand for this and succeeding issues of JOHN BULL. To avoid disappointment, fill in the form below and hand it to your newsagent or bookstall.

Another John Bull scoop!

MY WIFE ODETTE by Captain Peter Churchill

FOR the first time, Captain Peter Churchill, world-famous secret agent, tells his own exciting story of how, in German-occupied France, he met the girl he was later to marry —Odette, heroic fighter in the Resistance movement.

His stirring, complete account will appear—exclusively—on October 10 as the third of JOHN BULL's great series of Supplements. It will be illustrated with a full-colour painting by Gerald Fancett, and by special JOHN BULL photographs of Odette Churchill at the scenes of her adventures in France. Full details next week.

PLACE A REGULAR ORDER

TO .....

Newsagent or Bookstall
Please deliver/reserve John Bull every week

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Butler's charm school makes terrier champions

by DENNIS HOLMAN

Even a dog with a pedigree as long as its tail needs help for the show-ring. Jimmy provides it—with his sympathetic hands

Jimmy—and a terrier he made a champion. He accentuated its best points: long neck; short, level back; deep, narrow front; upright tail

WHEN CHAMPION TORKARD SUSAN, a dainty wire-haired fox terrier bitch, won the open criterion class at the Metropolitan and Essex dog show at Olympia in October, 1951, her handler, Jimmy Butler, returned triumphantly to the dog benches to find another of his charges missing. This was Champion Burtona Betoken, for whom a client had recently paid £300.

The show had ended and most of the exhibitors had gone. Nobody could remember seeing the dog, but near the main exit Butler met the show judge, Leo Wilson, who had judged the big ring event of all the breeds. "You know, Jimmy," he said, "I think that dog was stolen. I have just seen two men with a beautifully trimmed wire fox terrier. They didn't look like dog people."

Dog people are unmistakable; the same men and women are to be seen at all the shows, and Butler knew that many of these would now be at the Hand and Flower Hotel nearby. "I realized that if I was going to get Betoken back it would have to be with their help," he says. "It was a young fox terrier breeder named Phyllis Bourne who found the dog. She saw a man carrying him and demanded to know whose dog it was. He said he had found it running in the street, and handed it over to her. Yet when we examined Betoken's paws they were quite clean and dry."

Jimmy Butler is a long-jawed, blue-eyed, lightweight Yorkshireman of thirty-five, and one of the group of about twenty professional dog handlers who specialize in preparing dogs for show purposes and exhibiting them in the ring.

Most of the handlers look after the terrier breeds, in particular wire-haired fox terriers, which require the most expert trimming. Among the "wires," one of the best-known and most successful is Butler. In fifty-eight shows in the last two years, twenty-four dogs he handled have won 215 firsts, 105 seconds, 102 thirds, thirty-five challenge certificates and forty-four reserve challenge certificates.

Three-mile Chase In Clogs

Jimmy says he has been handling dogs as long as he can remember. In his spare time he is a publican; he owns the Unicorn and Star at Thurmaston, near Leicester. But in the backyard are about fifteen of his clients' dogs, worth £5,000 at his own estimate. Each is a champion or a possible future champion under contract to Butler, who has the absolute right to decide how it will be trained, where it will be shown and when it will be mated.

Sometimes they make his job hectic. "An old Sheffield vet had sold a pup to a young fellow called Dobson for £5," he recounts. "Dobson sold it to my father for £40, who in turn sold it to a client for £250, and who in his turn let another client of ours have it for £500." The dog was later registered as Weltona Exemplar.

"The day after the deal I was in the trimming shed when I saw Exemplar run past and dash into the main road with two streams of fast-moving traffic. I gave chase, though I was wearing wooden clogs. A large, round, Pickwickian character stopped the traffic. 'Good luck!' he shouted. 'I can see he's a good 'un.'

"Over fields, bogs, railway lines, through hedges, farms, ditches, for three miles I followed that dog. He led me back to the kennels, where I found him sitting outside his box, tickled at the sight of me limping home with my feet blistered and my socks down at my toes in hard balls of wool."

Butler wore clogs when trimming as his father insisted that no discomfort in the way of cold or wet feet should distract a trimmer from his exact and very delicate task. It needs intense

After hours of work grooming the terriers, the handlers wait for the judges at Crufts. Butler and his dog are third from left in the middle row

concentration for a handler to sculpt into perfection the scraggy animal he lifts on to the table.

The judges like a long neck, a short back with a level top, a narrow front with a good depth of brisket, and a straight, upright tail pointing slightly forward, and the dog is trimmed to accentuate his qualities and conceal his faults. Lower hair of the eye tufts is plucked to show off his long, lean head. The "furnishings" on his legs are so shaped as to make the forelegs seem absolutely straight and the hindquarters appear powerful. His nails are trimmed to give him fine, compact feet.

Butler is an intense and painstaking trimmer. He plucks every hair by hand and, according to Jessie, his wife, spends up to twelve hours on a single dog in preparation for a show.

One day recently, it took all morning and afternoon to get a young dog ready for its début in the show ring. "By teatime he looked a real beauty," Butler recalls. "But I left him alone for five minutes, forgetting about a tin of black paint nearby. When I returned he had upset the paint all over himself. The show was on next day, and we had about six hours' travelling to do that night. I bathed him in petrol. Until he was dry I had to see that nobody went near him with a lighted cigarette. But he won his class in the show. And the judge commented on the dog's 'really excellent coat'!"

Butler is the worrying type and gets jittery as a show approaches. "He didn't sleep for two nights before the big Oxford show," his wife says. "Afterwards he flew to Amsterdam without telling me that he had let one owner take his dog home for the weekend. The dogs arrived back one short. Desperate, I phoned every station on the line from Oxford to Newcastle, trying to trace it. I didn't dare to tell the owner. Then, at about two o'clock in the morning, I rang Jimmy."

There Butler takes up the story. "When I realized what had happened I was certainly glad that several hundred miles separated me from Jessie!"

Beyond the trimming, a dog's ultimate success depends on the way it is handled in the ring. Apathetic, tail-down dogs that dislike showing have perked up and entered the ring with an air of well-being the moment a handler has taken their lead. But the best response from a dog is achieved only after months of literally handling the dog—touching it, stroking it, lifting it with one hand under the jaw and the other between the hind legs, setting it in position with head and tail up.

The great champions have all shown an uncanny awareness of what is required of them in the ring. For Butler such a champion was Torkard Susan, "Best Terrier" at Crufts in 1952, and judged the first day's "Best Exhibit" out of three thousand dogs.

"She seemed to feel the occasion," says Butler. "She responded almost to the thought. It was an ordeal of several hours through all the classes and finally to the big ring. She was giving all she had all the time. But when I picked her up to carry her away, Susan collapsed in my arms. I had to give her brandy before we went home."

£100 To Make A Champion

In the world of dog shows, reference to handlers often involves arguments for or against the profession. The critics are those who regard themselves as true dog-lovers, whose thoroughbred is a pet or working dog, cleaned and brushed up for the show, and handled in the ring by the owner. For them, dog-showing is a hobby, and their complaint is against the "commercialism of the terrier fraternity, in which no genuine amateur has a chance, and the dog is considered only in terms of money."

It costs about £100 to make a champion terrier. Critics of handlers assert that some of the work involved is little short of downright faking. Coats are artificially hardened, patches are dyed or heightened by coloured powder.

During the hectic competition of the twenties and thirties, one of the handlers discovered that nicking a muscle corrected what is known as a "squirrel" tail. A couple of dogs treated this way were very successful at shows. Breeders flocked to them with their bitches, with the result that the fault has bred through in wire-haired fox terriers, and nicking squirrel tails is common practice. Ears, too, are improved by nicking a muscle, a procedure which is strictly against Kennel Club rules. "Faking is so widespread and so cleverly done," says one expert, "that it would be a bold judge that laid an objection."

Though a handler's services are expensive, most terrier owners find it cheaper to leave their dogs to a specialist who attends all the shows and knows the preferences of the judges. A dog needs three challenge certificates, won from different judges, before it earns the title of "Champion"—a distinction that eludes some of the finest animals in their breed. The right timing and placing often makes all the difference.

Butler only accepts dogs that in his view have a chance of becoming champions. His charge for a dog's keep is fifteen shillings a week; the fee for showing it is five guineas, with a bonus of ten guineas for every challenge certificate won, and an additional twenty guineas for a "big ring" win in an all-breed show. Extras are twenty-five per cent commission on stud fees; ten per cent on sales; and presents. Last year he says he grossed £2,000—out of which he had to feed his charges on beef, biscuits, eggs and vegetables, pay rail fares, taxis, hotel expenses, and a kennel maid.

Jimmy's father, Alf Butler, a famous handler, made a rule of never handling his own dogs, and the son has never broken it.

At twelve years of age, he knew that he could handle dogs. After leaving school, he was apprenticed to a cloth dyer, but he ran away within six months, threatening his father that if he was not allowed to handle dogs he would join one of their rivals. So he became Alf's assistant.

Jimmy has been bitten only once, and that was when offering a piece of liver on his hand to another handler's dog. On one occasion he was trimming a nasty-tempered little champion on a table, when he bent down. With a snarl the dog grabbed at his neck, tearing off his collar. Butler's reply was to bite the dog on the nose. He drew blood.

"Ever after," he says, "that dog was my friend."

THE END

DEATH AND THE SKY ABOVE

by ANDREW GARVE

The police were only inches away. And now a new fear gripped him: the tide was coming in—and the mud was slowly sucking him down

HIDING ON A TINY ISLAND in the slimy mudflats of the Medway was a man sentenced to be hanged. He was Charles Hilary, and he had been tried at the Old Bailey for murdering his wife. Hilary was not guilty—but he had been convicted.

The trial had been a national sensation, for it was said he had killed his wife to marry Kathryn Forrester, a charming and popular television interviewer. His escape was an even bigger sensation. He had snatched his opportunity during a catastrophic fire at the prison on the eve of his execution.

Now, hiding on deserted Twinney Island in the river estuary, he was temporarily safe. Kathryn had driven him to their weekend cottage nearby, and he had swum across. From now on, his life was in her hands.

By a miraculous chance, he had food and supplies. Unable to row them across to him because of the arrival of the police, Kathryn had pushed out the boat in the dark and hoped for the best.

Almost at the end of her tether with the strain of the last few weeks, Kathryn withstood the police interrogation and spent the next two days under constant observation. A constable had been posted outside the door.

She was beginning to feel the police believed her story that she had known nothing of the escape when Inspector Bates, in charge of the manhunt, visited her again.

"Miss Forrester, I don't believe a single word you've told me," he said coldly. "By this time tomorrow we shall have Hilary in our hands."

He was going to comb the islands. . . .

PART 3

Red For Danger

ON the morning after the inspector's visit there was a slight heat haze. By the time Charles, on the island, was able to see the cottage clearly, Kathryn had gone off in her car

Lying inert, almost submerged, he could sense the policeman's boot close to his face. In another moment, he felt certain, it would step on him

with her police escort, and the place was deserted.

Charles took the opportunity to light a small fire and cook himself a hot breakfast, not forgetting afterwards to bury every trace of ash. He had got into the way of regarding low water, with its formidable barrier of mud, as a comparatively safe period, and it was not until the tide began to flow at about eleven that he mounted to his observation post to keep continuous watch. By then, the day was brilliant, and though the creeping tide was brown at its tip with scum and bubbles, over by the pool where he had sunk the dinghy its surface had a diamond sparkle. Serene and contented as a man could be whose life was legally forfeit, he watched the channels deepen and the leaf-vein rills begin to fill.

It was with Kathryn's return that he felt the first pang of uneasiness. As she got out of the car he saw that her face had the set, preoccupied look of someone who was deeply worried, and he missed the quick glance of reassurance that she always threw in his direction. She was carrying a large paper bag in addition to her shopping basket, and she disappeared at once into the house.

When she emerged a few minutes later, he had a shock. She was wearing a frock he had never seen before—a tasteless, garish thing of pillar-box red. It was so unlike her to buy new clothes in a hurry, and such clothes, and at such a time, that he hadn't the least doubt it was intended as a signal. Some danger threatened, some danger of which he must be warned. There was only one that Charles could think of: the police must be going to search the islands after all, presumably on this tide.

He fought down the sudden fear that set his heart pounding, and tried to consider what he should do. If they were going to comb the islands he would be much better off on the mainland, but any attempt to get there before high water would mean leaving tracks in the mud, which would tell the whole story. And if he waited until high water, the police would be upon him.

THERE was just a chance, perhaps, that he might be able to give them the slip as they approached—hide on the side of the island away from them and slide quietly into the full creek and swim away unobserved, either to an island they had already searched or to the mainland. It was risky, terribly risky.

The only other possibility was to try to camouflage himself in some way. There was nowhere to hide in this flat, bare place, but still. . . .

He tried to put himself in the position of the police. They could get into this creek only near the top of the tide. They would have to start at the other end of the chain and move in as the channels deepened. By the time they got to Twinney they would be getting tired of scrambling across rills and falling into holes in the saltings and sliding about in the mud. At Twinney their search might well be perfunctory, particularly as the island had been under surveillance from the cottage for several days.

All the same, the thought of lying in the grass while searchers beat around him was a terrifying one. And he couldn't even be sure of being able to do that—if the police didn't arrive until the tide was at its height, the inside of the island would be a lake, and the sea-wall itself offered no protection.

But he couldn't sit and listen to his heart beating. He had to do something.

The stores. They would have to be better hidden. First the few remaining tins. He sank them in a muddy pool from which he could easily recover them if he survived. The jerry-cans and other impedimenta were more of a problem. Using a piece of driftwood as a trowel, he scooped a deep hole for them in the mud. It was a filthy and arduous job, but when he had finished there was space both for the cans and for the tarpaulin-wrapped bundle. Everything he possessed had gone into the bundle, even the binoculars. He flung the piece of wood in on top and shovelled the mud back with his hands and then smoothed the surface until it was indistinguishable from the rest of the pool.

Then he climbed again to his lookout and gazed around. He felt handicapped without the glasses, afraid he was missing some significant detail. But he did not miss the arrival of another police car and three reporters' cars. The crowd was collecting for the kill!

Then, a mile or more away, he saw a dark figure outlined against the sky on the top of one of the islands—and another. They were coming, and from the main channel, as he had expected. Presently they disappeared again, and after a few moments a boat nosed out from behind a promontory. It was a low, fast launch of shallow draught, and there were at least half a dozen men in it. Almost at once it shot between two more islands, and again there were moving figures on the skyline.

For half an hour, Charles watched their progress, and the nearer they got, the higher his fear mounted. They seemed to be searching very thoroughly indeed. Their technique on reaching each island was to drop one or two men and then swiftly encircle it before putting the rest ashore. Obviously, the idea that their quarry might try to swim away had occurred to them—so that was ruled out. Once they had landed, they spread out and beat across each piece of ground in line abreast—tough, determined figures in sea-boots, with binoculars and sticks. And now Charles saw something else—they had a dog with them!

As the launch approached the next island, he moved to another part of the wall to get a better view. They were so close now that he could recognize Inspector Bates and hear their voices clearly. He watched them land and begin to work their way forward. They were covering every yard, poking into rills and

He struggled out of the water, his wet body gleaming in the moonlight. As he hauled himself on to the shore, Kathryn came forward to help him. "Darling!" she whispered. "Oh, darling!"

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED LAURENT

His fingers found the letters of the name. After so many disappointments he almost cried aloud. For this one was Witch, all right

slashing at the long grass. The dog was dashing to and fro and nosing about everywhere. Suddenly, Charles saw that he hadn't a chance. In ten minutes they would be on Twinney, and whatever he did, they would find him.

He gazed wildly around. His instinct, like that of any hunted animal, was to run—to swim away, make a dash for the mainland. But the crowd by the cottage had grown, and they were all looking now in his direction. He'd be spotted at once.

He wondered how long he could swim under water. Not long enough to escape detection, he was sure. Suppose he got into the water with just his head showing? The tide was beginning to flow through the breach in the sea wall, a racing stream, brown and turgid. If he got down into that stuff, would they notice his head? Would the dog find him? If only he could burrow like the crabs!

As the idea came to him, his skin crawled. It was so ghastly, so hideous in its possibilities, that the very thought filled him with nausea—but was it any worse than being caught and dragged back to the scaffold? Could anything be worse than that?

The baying of the dog drove him into action. Stripping off his shorts and shirt, he plunged them deep into the stream, with a stone on top to hold them down. Then he ran to a pool and thrust his arm into the reedy mud at its edge, testing the depth. The stuff was sloppy, like thick brown cream, but it seemed to have a firm bottom. He scooped up a double handful and smarmed it thickly over his face and hair, closing his eyes. Then, stark naked, he stepped into the pool and lay down full length in the liquid mud.

Flat on his back, with his head almost touching the reeds and his feet out towards the centre, he began to work his body down into the ooze. At first, he sank quickly, so that for a terrible moment he thought he was going down for good. But the mud, though soft, was nowhere deep, and soon he felt it firm under his spine. It was very cold. He continued to wriggle, moving his buttocks, his shoulders, his neck and head. He felt the mud around his armpits, round his crutch. Little by little, he was working his way down. A chill trickle ran over his stomach. His feet were under, his neck was under. He wondered if he would ever be able to get out again. The mud ran into his ears and the world became soundless. He was almost covered.

He pushed his head down till only his eyes and mouth and nose were above the surface. There were only two things in his consciousness now. Death, and the sky above.

He knew almost nothing of what happened after that. No voice could reach him, and even if he had dared, it was impossible for him to turn his head. He guessed they were there all around him, but only for one instant did he know for certain—when his eyes, squinting out through half-shut, muddy lids, sensed a sea-boot in the grass beside him, and he thought, for a horrible moment, it was going to step on him.

But the shadow moved away, and all was stillness again. He didn't know whether they had gone or whether they were still combing the island. He was more frightened now of the mud than of the searchers—the mud, and the cramping cold. He lay motionless, fighting his panic. All sense of time had left him—and he knew only that he must stick it to the limit of endurance.

That limit came sooner than he expected. Water suddenly ran into his eyes—dark, muddy water that stung and half-blinded him. The tide had reached him! He must struggle out now, even if he emerged at their very feet. He drew his arms back and clenched his fists and pressed downwards and forwards with his knuckles. His head came up an inch or two so that he could breathe again, but the suction of the mud held his body fast. He strained and twisted, trying to turn first to one side and then to the other, but he could get no grip on anything and he settled back in the same place.

It was no use just struggling, he told himself—he must be slow and deliberate.

For a few seconds he rested his aching muscles and then tried a different method, drawing his feet up until his knees broke the surface and then pressing down against the firm bottom with his heels, trying to lever himself out head first. This time he made a little progress, and he continued in the same way. Once or twice his feet slipped and shot forward, and he lost much of what he'd gained, but he knew now that he could do it. The mud was getting softer and less tenacious as it absorbed the flowing water.

Soon he felt the prick of grass under his neck. He heaved and pushed with new vigour, and his shoulders slowly emerged. He raised his buttocks and they came up with a great, sucking *plop*. He gave a last shove with his heels, and a moment later he was lying safe on the saltings.

Shakily he struggled to his knees. He was a hideously coated figure—an apparition to scare a man out of his wits if there had been any man to see. But there wasn't. As he clawed mud from his face and opened his eyes, he saw that he had the island to himself again.

He shook some of the mud from his ears and wiped his hands on the grass and climbed cautiously to the lookout. The police launch was tied up near the cottage and there were two groups of men standing in close knots beside the shingle. Kathryn was there, too, still in her red frock. She was talking to Bates.

Presently the groups broke up. Some of the men went to their cars, and five of the searchers got back into the launch. Its engine burst into life and, with a roar and a fine bow wave, it slipped past Twinney Island and disappeared in the distance. The last Charles heard of it was the barking of the dog.

Weary but triumphant, he dropped to the saltings again and lay down in the warm, gently flowing water and started to remove the traces of his ordeal.

The assistant commissioner pushed back his papers and looked up from his desk. "All right, Inspector," he said briskly, "let's hear the details."

With an expression of deep gloom, Inspector Bates unrolled a large-scale map of the Medway district and spread it out on the A.C.'s table. If he wasn't exactly on the carpet, he was certainly on the defensive. He had felt so confident about his dinghy theory, so positive he would find Hilary, that he had pressed for and obtained permission to make that day's dispositions on the most elaborate scale. It was galling for him to have to admit that the whole ambitious manoeuvre, with its unavoidable publicity, had been one of the biggest flops of his career—the more so because he still couldn't see where he had gone wrong. The fact that all his muscles ached abominably from the unaccustomed exercise on the saltings did nothing to improve his frame of mind.

"Well, sir," he said, "we carried out the search exactly as arranged. Between us we went over every inch of the estuary—every bit of marsh, every patch of saltings, every island."

"And there wasn't a trace?"

"Not a trace," said the inspector disgustedly.

"Too bad." The A.C. studied the map. "Could he have hidden the dinghy at the water's edge, do you suppose, and made his way ashore when he saw you coming?"

Bates shook his head. "We took precautions against that. The local force had men out on foot and on bicycles and the whole shoreline was examined. There was no sign of the boat anywhere."

"You had a look at all the dinghies moored in the river, of course?"

"Yes, sir, *and* those drawn out at the yacht clubs and builders' yards. The boat's not in the Medway, that's certain."

"What about the Swale?" The assistant commissioner pointed to a wide tributary river that joined the Medway at Queenborough.

"Inspector Fuller handled that, on the same lines. All the Swale creeks, too. He found nothing."

"H'm. Well, what are the chances that Hilary might have slipped out to sea in this dinghy of his?"

"All the coastguards and signal stations were alerted the night he escaped, sir, and nothing unusual's been reported. I think he'd certainly have been spotted before he got far if he'd tried to put to sea in a cockleshell like that. Of course, there's always the possibility that he might have come to grief. . . ."

The A.C. gave a wry smile. "That would be very convenient, but we can hardly assume it without evidence. I should imagine something would have been washed ashore. Still, where *is* the boat? A dinghy loaded with supplies could hardly disappear overnight. I think we've got to face it, Inspector—it looks very much as though we've been on the wrong track."

Bates was grateful for the "we," but he felt reluctant to admit even collective error. "I could have sworn we should find him somewhere in the river, sir—everything pointed to it. It's

Continued on page 42

Singer Louise Garnette watches as Joe Bloom puts variety artist Dick Emery through his paces. Bloom is strict, and insists on clients doing their best

Many actresses keep on top of their form by training at Joe's gymnasium. He weighs Isobel George after an exercise routine

Joe Bloom puts a punch into the big names

by WILFRED GREATOREX

"Gaining courage for next time, you big bully," wired a famous comedian after a session at Bloom's gymnasium. With the same tough treatment, Joe builds up champion boxers, film stars and musicians

ACTOR ROBERT BEATTY and a professional heavyweight boxer, Alf Hines, were rehearsing a knockout during the making of *The Square Ring* some months ago when the film's technical adviser, a balding, thick-set husky named Joe Bloom, stepped between them. "It's still not right," Bloom complained. "I want you to get him this way, Alf." He demonstrated a blow and the two men sparred up again.

As Hines began his attack, Bloom spotted another fault and darted in to correct it. He caught the heavyweight's punch squarely on the thumb, and his face twisted in pain. "I knew then my thumb capsula had split," he recalls authoritatively. "It was the first time in forty years in the fight game I've come to any harm."

This immunity in the face of daily violence owes more to Joseph Alexander Bloom's strong hands than to his diplomacy. A hairy-chested cruiserweight of fifty-seven with sharp, darting eyes and an implacable manner, he has a reputation among his friends and enemies for being an opinionated rebel. "When he sees things in the fight game that he doesn't like," says an acquaintance, "he growls loud enough for everyone to hear."

From a first-floor gymnasium near Leicester Square, London, Bloom combines services to boxing with a thriving health-and-strength business catering for stars, athletes, musicians, ballet dancers and business men. Among his paying clients are barrow boys, a Harley Street surgeon, a belted earl and an Italian count.

Between midday and three o'clock on most days, a string of boxers trains under Bloom's eye. Among his pupils are Jake Tuli, Empire flyweight champion; Tommy McGovern, former lightweight champion; Alex Buxton and Eddie Hearn. Freddie Mills, ex-world cruiserweight champion, has a daily workout in the gymnasium. At all hours of the day Bloom runs the rule over young boxers seeking professional licences. As an assessor appointed by the British Boxing Board of Control, he admits that he turns down many more than he passes.

An ex-fighter himself, and still the holder of a manager's licence, Bloom often sticks his neck out in the cause of better professional boxing. When *The Square Ring* was released, some of his acquaintances blamed him for lending his authority to a film which, as one manager put it, "brings no credit to the game."

Bloom was blunt. "It wasn't very pretty," he said. "But there was nothing in the film that has not taken place at some time or other."

Some of his critics claim that Bloom is keener to keep youngsters out of professional boxing than to encourage recruits. Recently he tried out seven would-be boxers and rejected five.

Bloom, who has had such world champions as Benny Lynch, Terry Allen and Primo Carnera training in his gym, remembers one youngster

who notified him, and half Fleet Street's boxing corps, that he would be coming for a workout and that they could expect a sensational discovery. "Everybody turned up on the appointed day," Bloom recalls. "Reporters, cameramen, managers—the lot. I pulled on the lad's gloves for him and he went over to the punchbag. There wasn't a sound in the place. He stalked that bag for twenty minutes without once hitting it. Then he got dressed and left."

Bloom has a way of dealing with most hoaxers. A boy in a wide-shouldered jacket appeared one morning with an introduction card giving him a flamboyant fighting name, and assured Bloom he was very experienced. He stripped down, skipped a little and then went over to a punchbag. "From the way he hit it," Bloom says, "I could see he hadn't a clue." Bloom quietly asked a little Irish boxer present to take the youth into the ring—and treat him gently. One punch had the visitor groggy, and Bloom ordered him to get dressed. "As he was leaving he called out that he would be back to show us a thing or two the following week. I showed him out by the seat of his pants."

Strict Discipline In Gym

Bloom applies a strict code of conduct nobody dares break, and he once threw out a former world champion—"neck and crop," according to a witness—for using bad language.

A tough and self-disciplined teetotaller and non-smoker, Bloom forbids anyone with business in his gym to drop cigarette ends on the floor.

Three years ago a fire engine raced to the gym. The officer in charge dashed in and asked urgently where the blaze was. Bloom was nonplussed. Then he opened the door of an office now occupied by Freddie Mills but at that time leased to two other promoters. "Through the fug," he relates, "we could just make out six boxing managers—all smoking cigars or cigarettes. They had opened a window, and a passer-by, seeing the smoke, had dialled 999."

Many of his rules, Bloom admits, have been designed to attract his growing clientele of theatre and film people and business men. "Despite that," says one customer, "he's just as tough with them as he is with his boxing crowd. If somebody gets lazy, Joe lets him have it. And the awkward ones are told not to come again."

The gymnasium is equipped with a boxing ring, shower baths, weighing scales, punchballs and punchbags, chest expanders and curtained cubicles where Bloom gives massage, radiant heat, ultra-violet and infra-red treatment for a variety of complaints.

A young test pilot recovering from an operation once shuffled into the gymnasium and asked Bloom to build him up. "Five weeks later," says the physical training instructor proudly, "he flew a plane again."

Gave Stan Laurel Treatment

One day in 1950, Bloom was summoned to see Stan Laurel, the American comedian, who had had a severe attack of fibrositis, in his dressing-room at the Palladium. Two months later, Bloom had a telephone call from the Savoy Hotel asking him to go over and massage Danny Kaye. Bloom asked what was wrong.

"Nothing," came the reply.

"Then tell him to come and see me," said Bloom obstinately.

"But you attended Mr. Laurel."

"Mr. Laurel," said Bloom, "was a sick man."

Most of Bloom's clients go to the gymnasium for toning-up, and some for toughening. One man turns up at frequent intervals, then disappears abroad for a while, and once came back having been beaten-up—a sequence of circumstances which has led Bloom to conclude that his client is a Secret Service man. Many other clients train under Bloom for reasons of vanity. "They like to look good at swimming pools in the summer." Most trainees are started on free

Emery gets a massage. Joe was asked to go and treat Danny Kaye. "He can come here," he said

exercises and gradually work up to weight-training, in which they lift bars weighing half their own body weight.

Bloom later varies the weights in a range of exercises designed to develop the whole body. When his trainees are used to the routine, Bloom leaves them to it—but keeps an eye roving to see that there is no letting-up. Occasionally, a customer gets over-ambitious. One man was on his back, pressing up a barload of weights balanced on the soles of his feet, when Bloom noticed the total weight. "It was enough for a horse, let alone a normal man," he recalls. "I was sure he was going to damage himself, and I told him to stop. He said he wanted to be a weight-lifter. When I wouldn't let him raise such weights, he built his own gym elsewhere."

Tough Rôles Bring Business

Among the stars Bloom has trained are Laurence Harvey, Maxwell Reed, Dennis Price, Michael Dennison, Kieron Moore and David Tomlinson. Comedians Vic Wise and Tony Hancock, and Larry Adler, the harmonica player, are also among his clients, as well as concert pianists, several cabaret artists and a J. Arthur Rank scriptwriter. Reg Dixon, the comedian, started toning-up under Bloom and next day sent a telegram which read: GAINING COURAGE FOR NEXT TIME YOU BIG BULLY.

Rigorous dramatic rôles usually mean business for Bloom. Robert Helpmann, who had to fall down some stairs in *Caesar and Cleopatra*, practised under him for days; and when Katherine Hepburn was rehearsing for *The Millionairess*, in which she had to throw a man about the stage, she asked Bloom to give her lessons in ju-jutsu. He passed her on to the Budokwai Club. He accepted a ballet dancer, however, who wanted to return to dancing after her baby was born. She attended the gym regularly throughout five months of her pregnancy for exercises and massage. "She kept her figure," Bloom says.

As a boy, Bloom always wanted to be a doctor. Born in London, he was taken to South Africa when he was six. He had to leave school when he was nine to peel onions in a pickle factory, and he tried several other jobs before he met and married a girl who shared his childhood experience of emigration. They returned together to Britain. "In 1932," recalls Bloom, "London had little to offer. We starved for six months."

He took a job in dog racing, and later became a bookmaker's clerk. One day, as he was going out to look for fresh prospects, a letter reached him from a South African amateur boxer called Eddie Peirce, who wanted Bloom to manage him professionally in England. Bloom, who had helped to train Peirce to Olympic Games standards, promptly cabled the boxer his passage money and applied to the British Boxing Board of Control for a manager's licence. He added two other fighters to his stable, and by 1934 had six boxers under him.

Came Top In R.A.F. Course

"But things didn't work out," he admits now. "I gave too much away, experienced some of the biggest disappointments of my life and didn't make a penny."

In 1936 Bloom took over the lease of his present gymnasium. When war broke out he tried to join the R.A.F., but at more than forty years of age he was considered too old. He wrote often and sternly to the Air Ministry, and ultimately got an interview.

Persistence led to a medical board, and in 1940 he went to Uxbridge to train as a physical training instructor. "He was known to the 'erks' as 'Pop,'" recalls a colleague of those days. "At the end of the course only five out of thirty were passed, and Joe was top of the intake." Promoted corporal and soon afterwards sergeant, Bloom was posted to Canada.

Back in London after the war, Bloom negotiated another lease on the gymnasium. He took over the affairs of several boxers and, says a friend, was always willing to tear up their contracts if they fancied a change of management or occupation. He also made a point of advising fighters to find an alternative means of livelihood if they could. One afternoon last autumn the last of Bloom's fighters, a welterweight called Ken West, left the game for more creative work. "I was pleased to take in his licence," Bloom explains. "I've kept my own manager's licence—but there are no names on it."

Nowadays, according to Phoebe, his wife, Bloom is as likely to miss a championship fight as to see it. He dislikes the use of violence in anything but sporting causes; only once, outside his gymnasium, has he had to use it. Not long ago, during the morning rush hour in London, Bloom joined a crowd of City workers who were going up a "down" staircase. A tall man going the other way bumped into two girls and then shouldered a man sideways.

"I braced myself," Bloom relates, "and he got the worst of the collision he was so obviously set on. I told him that though everybody else was wrong in going up a 'down' staircase it didn't give him the right to charge around like a bull. He adopted a threatening attitude and I nearly punched him. I tweaked his nose instead—and felt sorry for a week afterwards."

Still Follows Big Fights

Bloom listens to most radio commentaries on big fights. "In the process," says Phoebe Bloom, "he consumes lots of chocolates and leaves the wrappers all over the carpet." He is still known to most ringsiders on his rare appearances at boxing promotions, and is moved to enthusiasm when he comes across a boxer of talent.

The latest boxer to please him is a little South African who walked into the gymnasium recently and asked Bloom to manage him. He did some shadow-boxing, worked on a punchbag, and looked so good that Bloom said he would consider the request if the boy could shed a few more pounds and come down to bantam-weight.

"You never know," Bloom says. "He could be a world champion." THE END

A JOHN BULL SUPPLEMENT

TV's GREAT YEAR

by

GILBERT HARDING

THIS YEAR MARKS the end of the first seven years of post-war television, and even the most carping of TV critics and the most exacting viewer must agree that great progress has been made, reaching its supreme climax in the splendid presentation of the Coronation of the Queen in June. Was it not a wonderful thing, as an old lady said to me on the evening of Coronation Day, that she had been able to see the Coronation better than any duchess in the Abbey? At the age of more than ninety, she watched the Crowning of Elizabeth as if it were in her own front room.

Even the Archbishop of Canterbury who, together with his colleagues on the bench of bishops, preaches "Woe! Woe!" against the evils of television, must now see that to bring this Christian ceremony into the homes of millions of people proves that there cannot be much wrong with a medium which can make everybody familiar with the things of God.

Some people say, "Television's all right, but the programmes are awful." I am afraid I cannot agree. Leaving aside those in which I have appeared, I find them of a remarkably high standard. Take music, for instance. It might be thought that music was hardly a suitable subject for television, but I myself recall many TV music programmes with gratitude and pleasure—programmes where the trombonist was shown in close-up playing Chabrier's *España*, or where the magic hands of Pouishnoff were seen coaxing a melody from the keyboard.

Even ballet has been made acceptable to me by the genius and skill of Christian Simpson—although I must confess I don't want to see people learning how to dance any more than I want to hear announcers gargling before reading the news.

I have been made to laugh uproariously and outrageously at Frankie Howerd, Arthur Askey, Tommy Cooper and many others. How grateful we should be in these gloomy days for anything which gives rise to laughter!

Quite shamelessly I admit to being an Andy Pandy addict. I like the music, I like Andy Pandy, and anyhow I am crazy about puppets. Which brings me to *Whirligig* and Mr. Turnip. Here are children's programmes which really are for "children of all ages," and I am very grateful to them for making me occasionally feel childlike—admitting, as I sometimes have to, that I behave in a childish manner.

And then, of course, there are the Outside Broadcasts and the *TV Newsreel*. I sometimes recall the opening of Westminster Hall by King George VI, and the twelve little girls who came from the school where my sister was then teaching to watch it in my flat. They sat motionless on the floor and were stupefied with admiration as they saw the stately majesty of the King, and all the people of rank and quality in the realm, being brought to life in a way no history book, and for that matter no film, could parallel. The only sounds were from one or two who said: "Coo! And to think it's going on now!"

While, in general, there is no doubt at all that it is a bad thing for a child to become a television addict while there is homework to be done, and proper sleeping hours to be observed, one must remember that this is the TV Age. I have enormous sympathy with parents who *must* ration their children's viewing time; it cannot be easy. But I think that the children of the newest generation of all—those who were born with a TV set in the house—will not be as fanatical about it as their elder brothers and sisters. For them—and indeed for all of us now—television is as much a part of life as cars or wireless.

Let us then get used to it, and let us use it. We must be *viewers*, not *slaves*, of this medium of limitless possibility. But I am quite sure of one thing—that we shall not get as much out of it as we might unless we realize that the programmes really are planned for our pleasure and not for our annoyance. Therefore, let our criticism be constructive, never merely hostile.

There is no point any longer in saying that you can always switch off. The planners do not want you to switch off: they want you to look, to listen, and to enjoy yourselves. And I am glad that JOHN BULL, which presented its first TV Supplement last year, is giving you another opportunity of increasing the enjoyment you get from your set.

Gilbert Harding

I SAW THESE STARS SOAR TO TV FAME

says

Gilbert Harding

I was decidedly nervous when I had my own programme the other Saturday night. I am afraid I may have shown it. I could not get the radiogram to work, and I spilled one of Miss Constance Spry's flower arrangements. So I am delighted when an old hand, or a newcomer, manages to run the gauntlet of the studio and emerge as successfully as the twelve people on this page have done during the year

Arthur Askey

TELEVISION'S greatest comedy success of this or any other year was scored by Arthur Askey with his *Before Your Very Eyes*. The title occurred to him while listening to a fairground showman, and he told the B.B.C. five years ago that he would use it if he found time for a TV series.

Nicknamed "Tich" at school, he says: "I'm the only comic who appears lifesize on the TV screen." He is five feet two inches, and wins bets from strangers who think he is shorter.

A natural clown, Askey bristles with humour off-stage as well as on. He plays golf, and enjoys doodling at the piano—"depending on how friendly we are with the neighbours."

He served a tough apprenticeship in the theatre, touring with seaside pierrots and entertaining at City banquets. Radio's *Band Wagon* made his name. TV staff respects him because he works hard and can take unscripted jokes against himself.

Once, an empty bucket which he threw off the set was thrown back full of water. Another time, technicians ambushed him with flour and soda siphons. He squelched to his dressing-room, laughing.

Shirley Abicair

A TWENTY-THREE year old zither player and singer, Shirley Abicair, has the year's most outstanding success story. Ten months ago she arrived, an unknown Australian artist, at London Airport. Now she is a top show-business personality.

Her sudden fame, she says, resulted from going to the TV studio canteen for tea. After a sight-seeing tour of Lime Grove, she happened to sit at the same table as Kenneth Carter, a producer. Hearing that she needed a job, Carter offered an audition. He booked her for his *Centre Show*, and her come-hither charm and self-confidence did the rest. Ronald Waldman, head of Light Entertainment, at once signed her for a series.

At Sydney University she studied philosophy, earning pocket money by singing in cabaret. To vary her act, she taught herself to strum a zither which had hung on the wall of her Melbourne home for years. Winning a radio talent contest, she decided to try her luck in Britain.

She spends much of her time searching through books in the British Museum reading room for European folk songs to add to her large repertoire.

Glyn Daniel

CHUBBY, affable and restless, Glyn Daniel has made popular a parlour game which seemed at first to have a highly limited appeal. The thirty-nine year old chairman of *Animal, Vegetable or Mineral?* keeps score of professors' attempts to identify strange objects sent in by museums.

Of the two hundred oddities submitted so far, his favourite is a machine for putting marbles in pop bottles. Viewers often send him attic junk which has puzzled them. "I'm amazed at the number of eighteenth-century mouse-traps in existence," he says.

"Once a make-up girl hurried to me with three cups, which she said had apparently been cracked on the way to the studio. When I told her they were cracked before arrival, and that anyway they were five thousand years old, she put them down as if they were dynamite."

Daniel, a Cambridge archaeology professor, was chosen for the show by the producer, Paul Johnstone, who heard him give a radio talk on Stonehenge. His hobbies are squash, wines and writing detective stories under the name of Dilwyn Rees.

Ghislaine Alexander

HER friends call five foot ten inches Ghislaine Alexander the most self-possessed woman they know. She is a panel member of TV's parlour game *What's My Line*, and when the Crazy Gang ran riot during the show, she was pushed, blindfold, from her chair. Yet she retained complete composure.

Viewers praise her beauty and impeccable grooming (she was the fashion editor of a Sunday newspaper) and occasionally add that she seems aloof. She explains this by describing herself as "very shy in public."

Parties at her Mayfair home are gay and brilliant. As the stepdaughter of Lord Kemsley, she could have become a lady of leisure. Instead, she decided to work for a living, and was a director of a photographic firm before turning journalist. She likes taking her eight-year-old daughter swimming, and is a collector of antiques.

Producers say they can rely implicitly on her. One Sunday last winter, during a paralysing London fog, she astonished everyone by reaching Lime Grove on time, mildly amused that anyone should be surprised. She came by Underground and on foot.

Aidan Crawley

FORTY-FIVE year old Aidan Crawley—former Labour M.P., journalist and cricketer, made a penetrating survey of modern India with *India's Challenge*. It took a three-month tour of the country to gather his material—he covered 12,000 miles with his wife, Virginia Cowles.

After several embarrassing encounters, he learned not to try to shake hands with high-caste Indians whose religion forbids them to touch other people.

The Crawleys often slept on the floors of mud huts. There were few language difficulties. "We found that, for some extraordinary reason, anyone who wore glasses spoke English," says Crawley.

He is the son of a canon, and went to Harrow and Oxford. He made his first acquaintance with television as a cricket commentator, and became an educational film producer before entering politics (he was Under-Secretary of State for Air in 1950-51).

TV fans have seen him in the discussion programme *In The News*. Crawley lives on a dairy farm in Buckinghamshire, with his wife and two sons. He goes to the U.S.A. next month for a television series called *An Englishman Looks At America*.

Margot Lovell

ONE of the secrets of Margot Lovell's brisk, over-the-fence conversations in *About The Home* is the fact that she never uses a script. She shop-hunts for afternoon viewers and demonstrates gadgets and other finds.

The thirty-eight year old wife of a London doctor, she finds that helping with her husband's practice and looking after a family gives her first-hand knowledge of housekeeping problems. The B.B.C.'s ban on trade advertising stops her from referring to trade names, and the shops where goods may be found; she gets about 180 inquiries for more information each day.

Margot wears everyday clothes in the studio—"I'm stock size and buy anything off the peg"—but she admits to one extravagance: hats. She likes the theatre, films and records, and studies newspaper gossip columns assiduously.

In 1949, reading that TV needed a commère for a fashion programme, she volunteered—and was given a contract for a series.

She tried to become a commentator for the Coronation, and passed the semi-final tests. But TV chiefs disapproved of the idea of Margot on radio.

Peter Cushing

SINCE December, Peter Cushing has played ten major parts on TV, and has become one of the first TV-only stars. The parts include a fanatical scientist, a meek hero-victim, a Russian drug-addict and a comic-opera Spaniard.

One producer, wishing to cast him, asked for an interview first, saying: "I've seen you act for years, but I want to know what you really look like."

Cushing, who is thirty-eight, was always cast as a Frenchman in plays. "However, when a real Frenchman hailed me as a compatriot and kissed me on both cheeks, I insisted on a change."

Six-foot, blue-eyed and extrovert, he learns his lines on country walks; he plays rugger, designs scarves and makes model houses. He grows his own moustaches and beards. Helen Beck, his actress wife, never knows whether a coolie or a grandee will face her over the table at their Campden Hill flat.

He alternates vagueness with a practical mind. A "prop" typewriter jammed at rehearsal and, in despair, B.B.C. typists asked him to help, although he insisted he had never used a typewriter. The machine worked at once—he undid the safety catch.

Hélène Cordet

IN 1943 Prince Philip was best man at Hélène Cordet's wedding to Marcel Bonsoit, a captain in the Free French Air Force. The Prince is a childhood friend of hers—she was brought up in France by her well-to-do Greek parents.

Hélène, a petite ash-blonde, is singer and mistress-of-ceremonies in *Café Continental*, and bubbles with Parisienne charm. She refuses to disclose her age, saying: "I have two children, Max, aged nine, and Louise, aged eight. People can work it out for themselves."

Her first public appearance was at a concert at Guy's Hospital during the war. In 1950, she worked as a mannequin in Paris, but British talent scouts brought her to London for cabaret. TV producer Henry Caldwell saw the show, and booked her for *Café Continental*.

In Bayswater, she has a large old-fashioned flat which reminds her of a French house. She likes cooking, dancing and collecting clocks. She dislikes being reprimanded by Henry Caldwell for forgetting her script. "After one show," she says, "I crept out of the studio without seeing anyone."

Frankie Howerd

PRODUCER Joy Russell-Smith thought that Frankie Howerd's nervousness was intentional when she auditioned him in 1946. But the thirty-two year old comedian and ex-army sergeant was speechless with fright. His manner got him into *Variety Bandbox* and, exploiting his nervousness, he stayed there for three and a half years. He was a favourite comedian of King George VI, and performed at Buckingham Palace. Howerd specializes in slapdash humour, but he admits: "My spontaneity is well-rehearsed." He spends hours perfecting his timing, and dishevels his hair with utmost care when making-up.

In private life quiet and studious, he has a secret ambition: to be a straight actor. He likes listening to symphonies, and taking long walks alone. He pokes fun at pomposity, and got the idea of teasing his pianist, Blanche Moore, by watching the dignified soloists at concerts.

Unmarried, he has a flat in Kensington, and is accompanied everywhere—including music hall tours—by Red, his boxer dog. "He sits in the stalls, and yawns only when I come on stage."

Edward Halliday

NEW heights of popularity have come to Edward Halliday, principal commentator in *Television Newsreel*. His voice is heard more often than any other TV artist; it has a briskness matching his trim appearance.

A fifty-one year old Liverpudlian, he admits to developing a split personality for professional purposes. When not recording for *Newsreel* he is a portrait painter—and he insists on keeping his careers apart.

His TV activity remained a close secret for many months. The Queen was among the first to discover it. When she posed for his famous portrait of her, she remarked that his voice seemed familiar. Then she cried: "*Now* I know who you are. You're the *Newsreel* man!"

After the war the B.B.C. sent him to Twickenham to tell listeners how TV covered a rugger international. Liking his performance, the TV Outside Broadcasts department engaged him full-time.

Occasionally he has a look at old *Newsreels* for fun. "Technique has improved so much," he says, "that our early efforts are almost laughable."

Alfred Wurmser

RESEMBLING a cheerful Teddy bear, eighteen-stone Alfred Wurmser pioneered animated diagrams and sketches on TV. He illustrates any talking point, from population trends in *International Commentary* to word-building in *Down You Go*. The studio staff call his pins-and-cardboard inventions "Wurmseries."

One doctor was so delighted with a Wurmsery of balloons, which inflated and deflated to represent a lung, that he took it to show his students.

Wurmser is a forty-one year old Viennese. He trained as a statistician and artist-draughtsman, and fled from Austria in 1938, arriving in London with only five shillings. Pearl Binder, of children's television, admired one of his Christmas cards, and asked him to illustrate the *Jones Family* serial.

He thrives on untidiness, Continental cooking, boxing, wrestling and intellectual conversation—especially on advanced theories on astrology, mathematics and time. Unmarried, he lives mainly for work, and often misses a night's sleep when busy. The furniture in his "fully animated" house has flaps, drawers and sliding panels of his own design.

George Cansdale

WHEN the London Zoo sacked George Cansdale in January from his £1,500-a-year job as superintendent, he became the most talked-of TV star. Burly, tweedy and always self-possessed—as when a playful donkey tried to dance a jig with him in a TV show—Cansdale seldom passes a cat without stroking it.

His favourites are small animals like mice, bush babies and flying squirrels, though he adds, "I have rather a soft spot for tigers." His present plans are to concentrate on TV appearances, book-writing and church committee work.

Salmon-fishing, wood-turning, photography, jam-making and fruit-bottling are his hobbies. He complains that he lacks time for them.

Animals are his main interest. During his fourteen years as a forestry officer on the Gold Coast he collected a private zoo. Arriving at Euston Station from Africa in 1948, he was asked by a porter if he had any luggage.

"Yes," said Cansdale. "I've got three chimpanzees, twelve monkeys, two crocodiles, seventy rare birds—and a few pythons and giant rats."

SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR "JOHN BULL" BY CHARLES WOOD. To identify these tel

MY TELEVISION FAVOURITES

Gilbert Harding introduces his friends to John Bull readers

IN this admirable painting, Charles Wood has portrayed an imaginary session of *Café Continental*, with twenty-two of my television favourites and myself as audience. This gives me an opportunity to pay some compliments, which I enjoy doing when I get the chance.

The small drawing on the right will give you the key to the people. Number One is **CHRISTIAN SIMPSON,** who produces ballet in such a way as to make it exciting and attractive even to non-balletomaniacs.

Number Two is **T. LESLIE JACKSON,** producer of *What's My Line?* a master of technique and of tact, which he needs when dealing with people like me. **CECIL McGIVERN** (3) is Controller of TV, the man responsible for the programmes—a monumentally difficult job which he does extremely well.

And now we come to my highly respected and greatly cherished colleagues from *What's My Line?*, **BARBARA KELLY** (4), **JERRY DESMONDE** (5), **ELIZABETH ALLAN** (6), and **EAMONN ANDREWS** (7).

TERRY-THOMAS (8) is the man who has turned his gloriously asinine act to startling visual advantage. **ROBERT BARR** (9) is the documentary producer with such excellent news sense, reinforced with a good eye for presentation. **HELEN CHERRY** (10), of the redder-than-cherry hair, has so charmingly endured the hardships of a parlour game, *What's My Story?* I

ision personalities, refer to Gilbert Harding's comments and the key drawing below

include **PETER DIMMOCK** (11) for helping to make Outside TV Broadcasts, including the greatest of all, the Coronation, the success they are. **LESLIE MITCHELL** (12) is almost the grandfather of TV interviewers. This debonair man is never at a loss before a camera.

NORMAN WISDOM (13) is an endearingly pathetic clown, who could coax tears from a cathode ray tube.

BILL WARD (14), the producer, was once a boom-swinger and is now a master technician. Yet he is as ever ready to learn as to teach. **GILBERT HARDING** (15). About him I shall, for once, be silent.

JEANNE HEAL (16) is noteworthy for being completely at ease, and for inspiring ease in others. **ARTHUR ASKEY** (17) is one of TV's greatest "naturals" and greatest draws—if they can get him!

PAT KIRKWOOD (18) is a vital personality, able to sing off-key yet still delight. **SYLVIA PETERS** (19) I include because she is both decorative and competent; a rare combination. **JENNIFER GAY** (20) is the girl who has made adolescence seem almost attractive.

NOËLLE MIDDLETON (21) has come to adorn the screen of late, and has held her own with established stars. **JOAN GILBERT** (22) is one of my favourites for her easy manner, naturalness and endearing mannerisms. And, lastly, I give you **McDONALD HOBLEY** (23) the man who has made a successful double as an announcer and comedian in *Kaleidoscope*.

TV wizards that nobody sees

To get me out of the way during a children's programme, Michael Westmore, the producer, let me sit with him in the control room. I was overwhelmed by the possibility of human failure. Michael rattled off commands over his microphone to the technicians until I thought the whole structure he had built up must collapse. It did not, which was extraordinary. I'll never complain of a technical hitch again

STUDIO MANAGER

T. Leslie Jackson, perhaps TV's best-known S.M., is the producer's right-hand man in the studio. His word is law. Script in hand and wearing headphones, he warns the studio when it is going on the air, soothes nervous performers, reminds them which cameras to look at; and gives them their cues—when an actress had to lie in bed with her eyes shut, pretending to be asleep, this meant tickling the soles of her bare feet. He acts as liaison officer between producer and performer in moments of crisis, communicating instructions in dumb language—difficult in shows like *Café Continental*, where actors are French, German—or even Chinese.

TELECINÉ OPERATOR

In the telecinéprojector room near the studio, he waits for the producer's cues to introduce parts of the show which have been filmed in advance. He is assisted by a Film Rewind Boy.

PRODUCER

Harold Clayton, who has been presenting a cycle of Barrie plays, controls every aspect of production from his special room at first-floor level. He watches the studio through a large plate-glass window, and keeps in constant touch with camera crews and key staff by microphone. He faces a row of TV screens. The first, labelled "Transmission," shows the picture which his studio is sending to the transmitters, and an adjoining screen, operating independently like a private TV receiver, gives proof that the picture is in fact being broadcast. The remainder are "preview"

Harold Clayton

screens, displaying pictures available from other cameras. These satisfy him that performers in front of those cameras are ready for scenes which are to follow. In complex productions, a producer, after taking the rehearsals, occasionally hands over on the day of transmission to an associate producer known as the director.

CAMERAMAN

Senior cameraman Peter Friese-Green (grandson of William Friese-Green, the cinematograph pioneer) usually works with three or four other cameramen. He needs a good head for heights. A giant motorized crane in a recent musical show lifted him twenty feet in four seconds, simultaneously taking him backwards at five miles an hour. Much of the artistic success of a TV programme depends on the cameraman's instinct for picture composition, for although basic camera angles are laid down in the script, emergencies like chasing the unpredictable leaps and wriggles of zoo animals are his own responsibility.

CAMERAMAN'S ASSISTANT

Riding on the four-wheeled camera dolly, he obeys the cameraman's instructions to raise, lower or swing the camera arm.

SENIOR TV ENGINEER

Alec Wright watches from the producer's control room for technical breakdowns. As the man in charge of all technical equipment in the studio, he is on the alert for camera, microphone and lighting trouble. If he sees on a "preview" screen that a camera is flickering, he arranges for the producer to carry on without that camera until it is put right. Highly skilled engineers make repairs with quick efficiency. During a recent song item, one of the semi-circle of cameras round the vocalist was drawn aside, stripped, reassembled and returned to service in time for closing shots.

LIGHTING ENGINEER

Robert Gray sees that lights installed at rehearsal continue to provide the right atmosphere for the production and are adequate for the cameras. He gets in touch with the electricians when alterations are necessary.

PRESENTATION EDITOR

Clive Rawes supervises the new presentation suite at Lime Grove, which is the central control room and nerve-centre of all TV broadcasts. Every picture transmitted is vetted either by himself or by two assistants. Rawes is the "Lord

Clive Rawes

Chamberlain" of TV. He has the power to fade out any item which he considers to be of doubtful taste. One Sunday afternoon, he suddenly saw that a grown-ups' *Newsreel* complete with scenes of wounded refugees in Korea was being televised, instead of the children's edition. He promptly blanked viewers' screens, switched on his microphone and explained what had happened. He is also responsible for announcers, interludes and cues.

SENIOR ARTIST

Dennis Patchett's caption machine works on the same principle as the film-winding mechanism of an ordinary snapshot camera. Captions painted on a long strip of paper are stretched between two rollers, one a short distance above the other. The top roller winds—and the captions move across the TV screen from bottom to top. Until recently, the machine was hand-driven like a mangle. The present apparatus is electric.

ASSIST. STAGE MANAGER

Sheila Beckett acts mainly as prompter. She moves with the cameras and microphones from set to set, trailing a long flex and holding a press-button switch with which she can cut off all sound from the studio and give prompts in a loud voice. She is also responsible for checking props (three hundred were needed in a recent play) and intervenes in emergencies. "When an actor fell ill," she says, "I wore oilskins and played the part of a night watchman. And when an 'angel' didn't have time to fasten on his wings

Sheila Beckett

properly, I had to crouch behind him and hold them up."

SCENE MASTER

Percy Cornish is in charge of sceneshifters who move the sets, some of which, to save space, are stacked in front of each other and dismantled one by one as soon as they have been used. For cat-like quietness he wears rubber-soled shoes—as do the rest of the studio staff behind the scenes.

SOUND MIXER

Glyn Alkin has a sound-proof room adjoining vision control. He balances and blends outputs from as many as six microphones in various parts of the studio. His assistant is gramophone operator Audrey Starrett. Her

IN ONE YEAR

Each of the TV Toppers wears out six pairs of ballet shoes, three pairs of tap shoes and two pairs of "musical comedy" shoes

Television film cameramen (including those who work for *Newsreel*) shoot about 840,000 feet of film in most parts of the world

Lime Grove's studio canteen serves half a million meals to artists, technicians and staff, and makes more than a million cups of coffee and tea

Scene-painters prepare 100,000 square feet of scenery, using 15,000 gallons of paint. Scene designers make about 16,000 drawings

Carpenters in the scene-shop use 300,000 square feet of building board to make 3,000 sets for television, covering a total of 240 acres

gramophones provide sound effects, and music for interludes and the beginnings and ends of programmes.

ZOOM LENS CAMERAMAN

Bill Wright, a senior cameraman of the Outside Broadcast department, took close-ups of the Queen during her Coronation and at Spithead. The lens, about twelve inches square, eighteen inches long and giving up to 5:1 magnification, enables a stationary TV camera seemingly to zoom forward and catch intimate, exclusive details of great events. It brings candid shots of a tennis champion's volley at Wimbledon; a stumped batsman's surprise at Old Trafford; the excitement of a small boy on the Lord Mayor's processional route.

WARDROBE MANAGER

Mrs. A. M. Robb, watching from the producer's control room, scrutinizes costumes for patterns or colours which clash. Once, at afternoon rehearsal, she noticed that an actor's white shirt blurred the picture. She made him take off the shirt, dyed it a light coffee colour, and dried and ironed it ready for the evening's transmission. Dressers and wardrobe mistresses help with quick changes. Curtained-off booths lead from the studio, but during *Our Marie*, in which Pat Kirkwood, as Marie Lloyd, wore fifty different costumes, changes had to be made on the set, as soon as the camera's back was turned.

VISION MIXER

Barbara Harris sits next to the producer and, as the show progresses, turns knobs and presses buttons to "dissolve" and "cut" the picture from camera to camera. Vision mixers — always girls — are chosen with special care. Although under strict orders from the producer, they need artistic sense to judge to a split second exactly when to "dissolve" and "cut."

VISION CONTROL OPERATOR

He works in the apparatus room (or "Racks") leading from the studio, and saves viewers the trouble of making receiver adjustments by keeping a close check on the technical quality of pictures transmitted. He and colleagues carry out technical tricks like turning photographs of celebrities into "negatives" for Ronnie Waldman's *Puzzle Corner*, and the superimposition (or "overlay") of pictures, which gives a 3-D effect—as in Henry Caldwell's variety programme, *Shopwindow*.

BOOM OPERATOR

Norman Greaves stands on a movable platform and manoeuvres a telescopic boom, from the end of which hangs a microphone. His job is to lengthen, shorten and swing the boom so that the microphone stays a few inches above the performers' heads, wherever they move. When cameras are also changing their positions, increasing and decreasing the area of the set seen by viewers, he has to guess how far to raise or lower the boom, always keeping it out of the picture.

PROPERTY MASTER

William King provides furniture and props. Odd demands from producers have included a mermaid's tail and—for a ghost play—a desk fitted with gas pipes to get the effect of inkwells bursting into

William King

flames. Animals count as props—except dogs, which are performers under the Artists' Booking Department.

PRODUCER'S SECRETARY

She sits beside the producer, turning pages of his script and timing the show with a stopwatch to see if it is likely to over- or under-run. She also looks for such obvious errors in continuity as vases of flowers which remain unchanged although the action of the play has jumped several months—or perhaps an actor's tie which is different from the one worn in a previous scene.

MAKE-UP ARTIST

Jean Monk looks for damage to performers' make-up; lips which have smeared or brows which need dabbing. She recalls that some of her busiest moments were during the *Passing Show* documentaries. With a team of assistants she helped

Jean Monk

twenty or thirty performers to "age" forty years in the course of each two-hour programme. Assistants change wigs, moustaches and beards.

DOLLY MAN

He steers the camera dolly, the platform on which the equipment stands. He is often a junior engineer, hoping to become a cameraman. In plays, camera movements are sometimes chalked on the floor. In other programmes, the dolly man has to align his dolly on a piece of scenery and push gently but firmly.

BACK PROJECTIONIST

Alfred Davis operates TV's newest and most convincing background scenery. With a £7,000 "magic lantern," he projects photographic slides on to a plastic screen. It is translucent; the cast act before it on the other side. Elaborate precautions are taken to avoid getting slides in the wrong order. In the play *Holiday In Berlin*, when ninety projected backgrounds were used, slides were numbered, then checked and re-checked.

Property department men handle 120,000 props of all sorts. For actors and technicians, 303,000 pages of script are produced

The huge switchboard at Lime Grove studio receives 2,100,000 telephone calls, and the postroom handles 210,200 letters and cards

The TV Make-up department uses 300 lb. of cold cream, 260 tubes of make-up, 900 boxes of powder and 14,400 hairpins and hair clips

LOOKING FORWARD

We are only at the start of TV's miracles. Our children will almost certainly be taking stereoscopic three-dimensional television for granted. I hope the programmes are good

COLOUR IN FIVE YEARS?

THERE are several methods of colour TV in a fairly advanced stage, but they all have the same basis. A scene is broken down into three basic colours—blue, red and green—and, at the receiving end, the three separate transmissions are put together again to make a single picture.

One type uses a rotating disc containing colour filters on an ordinary black and white receiver. Its revolutions are controlled from the transmitter and are synchronized with another disc spinning in front of the camera.

This system was originally used by J. L. Baird and was adapted with moderate success in American for some experimental programme in 1951. Another system uses three tubes each receiving a different colour and then projects them all together on a single screen.

The main alternative uses coloured phosphors on the receiving tube. The screens of black and white sets are coated with from 200,000 to 350,000 dots of phosphorus arranged in 425 lines. These give out the white light which makes up the picture. There are phosphors which give out red, blue and green dots, and these are the ones which have been used in the more successful American experiments. The strength of this system is that the picture can be shown in black and white on existing sets.

Magnets, controlled from the transmitter, guide the beams of electricity to the right dot. The colours in the dot can change very fast—about ten million times a second.

But the cost of this system is almost prohibitively high, both from the transmitting and receiving ends. So a commercial compromise has been worked out which sends three sets of coloured pictures, changing at the rate of 1,800 times a minute. This will be introduced in America next year.

How long we in Britain shall have to wait for colour television is still unknown, but the usual guess is from four to five years. The B.B.C. Research Department is closely following all developments and carrying out its own colour experiments.

In any case, the B.B.C. and the government are determined that no system which cannot be received on present sets will be permitted.

NEW STATIONS

PROJECTS to make TV available to another six or seven million people have been approved. New permanent stations will be at Aberdeen, Belfast, Plymouth, the Isle of Wight, Pontop Pike in Durham, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man.

A new high-powered London station will be built at Crystal Palace by 1956, replacing the seventeen-year-old transmitter at Alexandra Palace. TV will thus be available to ninety-five per cent of the population within sixteen months.

There are five possible wavelength bands in the radio spectrum suitable for TV.

Band 1 belongs to the B.B.C. for its present services.

Band 2 is reserved for Very High Frequency sound radio which will give clearer reproduction and many more alternative radio programmes, and is too narrow for British TV stations.

Band 3, at the moment, reserved for taxis, armed services, civil aviation, etc., is likely to be cleared for TV. The big question mark of the future is whether the eight channels there will be used for alternative B.B.C. television programmes, sponsored TV, another corporation like the B.B.C. but in opposition to it, or a combination of these.

Bands 4 and 5 are Ultra-High Frequencies and, because the technique on these very short wavelengths is largely unknown, they will not be available for some years.

Whatever happens on Bands 3, 4 and 5, viewers will need to adapt present sets, and fit new aerials, to receive programmes.

THIS IS WHERE YOUR MONEY GOES

Last year, the B.B.C. received £3,401,042 to run the Television Service. This is how the money was spent

	Amount	Percentage of Total
Programmes (artists, fees, publicity, salaries, travelling expenses, postage, cables, etc.)	£1,221,134	35.90
Engineering (lines, power, plant maintenance, transport, salaries, travelling expenses, etc.)	£1,520,364	44.70
Premises (rent, rates, taxes, telephones, insurance, maintenance of buildings and masts, etc.)	£389,600	11.46
Regional establishments (billeting, hostels, catering, wages and sundry expenses)	£106,844	3.14
Management and central services (salaries and wages, travelling expenses, postages, etc.)	£86,320	2.54
Contributions to staff pension schemes and benevolent fund	£76,780	2.26
	£3,401,042	100.00

FOR THE CHILDREN

Who stole the roundabout in "Whirligig"? I did, says Gilbert Harding, in order to eat candy-floss on it. Slightly surrealist, no doubt, but the children laughed—which is all that matters

Peter Butterworth and Porterhouse

Gerald Campion as Billy Bunter

GERALD CAMPION

At first, Gerald Campion said he was too old at thirty-two to play Billy Bunter. Padded with quilts to increase his waist to forty-eight inches and crying "Yarroo!" he has been described by Greyfriars author Frank Richards as "a superb Owl of the Remove."

Campion never eats lunch on Bunter days. "Once, I had to gobble a whole sponge sandwich and four tarts in each of two rehearsals and two transmissions. I needed indigestion tablets afterwards."

The son of radio scriptwriter Cyril Campion, and a second cousin of Charlie Chaplin, he has a flat in Chelsea and a weekend cottage in Kent. His hobbies are squash, gardening, and cooking large meals for his wife and two children.

LOTTE REINIGER

Berlin-born maker of shadow films, fifty-four year old Lotte Reiniger cuts fairies, elves and other creations from empty cartons.

She photographs them on a glass table lit from below, needing 17,000 silhouette pictures for a twelve-minute cartoon.

Plump, gay and voluble, she lives with her film-director husband in a disused monastery, now an artists' colony.

She likes cooking, embroidery and seventeenth-century music.

In 1926 she made the world's first full-length cartoon film. Her animation technique solved a problem in ordinary film-making, she recalls.

"We wanted rats to run after the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Live rats refused to co-operate. So we made wooden rats, which we spent a whole day moving along the street one inch at a time, building up the sequence frame by frame.

"The result was magnificent—but we forgot about the sun. It flashed across the screen from east to west in a few seconds."

PETER HAWKINS

The most frequent performer on Children's TV is Peter Hawkins—yet, because of heavy disguises, he is seldom recognized off-screen by fans. Versatile, he once played a Welshman, a north countryman and a cockney in a single page of script; he provides voices for Mr. Turnip in *Whirligig*, Porterhouse in *The S.S. Saturday Special* and *The Flowerpot Men*.

His worst experience was when, as a dead pirate: "I lay full length on the ship's deck, and the skin was taken off my face and arms when a large wooden barrel was accidentally rolled over me." Twenty-nine and unmarried, he lives with his parents in Sutton, Surrey. During the war he was torpedoed in a destroyer.

JOY HARINGTON

Thirty-nine year old producer Joy Harington specializes in tense, exciting serials like *Kidnapped* and *Robin Hood*. Though very feminine, she handled the tough, mostly male cast of *Treasure Island* with firm authority. In a play called *The Plate On The Wall*, however, she was unable to control a donkey. "The animal suddenly felt hungry. I saw to my horror that it was munching the scenery."

Tall, fair-haired and slim, she has immense vitality. She toured Canada and America as an actress until the war, when she became a cipher officer at the British Consulate in New York.

PETER BUTTERWORTH

Comedian and skipper of *The S.S. Saturday Special*, Peter Butterworth soliloquizes with Porterhouse, an eighteen-inch high parrot of pink felt manipulated by Sam Williams.

He reckons that his most anxious moment was in a slapstick sketch, when flour began to choke him. "I plunged my head into a bucket of water, drank deeply and emerged covered in dough. Audiences thought it was part of the act."

As a p.o.w. in Germany, he gave concerts to hide the noise of an escape tunnel being dug under the stage.

He likes sailing on the Solent and lingering near the pits at car race meetings. His wife is Janet Brown, singer of popular songs on Children's TV.

OLIVE SHAPLEY

Commère, announcer, book-reviewer and story-teller, Olive Shapley was in New York for two years during the war, contributing an American newsletter to *Children's Hour*.

Sometimes she surprises passengers at St. Pancras by sprinting for early trains home to Manchester wearing full television make-up.

"My worst ordeal was telling a TV story about a teeny-weeny mouse for three-year-olds. I was surrounded by the staring faces of the next item on the programme—the entire band of the Grenadier Guards."

HUMPHREY LESTOCQ and MR. TURNIP

They were teamed as comedy partners in 1950. Thirty-four year old Humphrey, known to millions of young viewers as "H.L.," says that he owes one of the biggest chances in his career to luck.

"My visit to an agent's office coincided with a telephone call from the film studios making *Angels One Five*. An actor playing a pilot had fallen ill. The agent remembered my Flying Officer Kite sketches—and I got the part." He has appeared in nine other films since.

While "H.L." blunders through *Whirligig's* slapstick, Mr. Turnip, drawn to a full height of sixteen inches, supplies the common sense. "H.L." is married to Jimmy Edwards's sister Elizabeth and has two children, Michael (eight) and Patricia (five). He is occasionally seen in fields near his Berkshire home hunting rabbits with a bow and arrow.

MARIA BIRD

Tall, ash-blonde and fiftyish, Maria Bird spent two years studying the likes and dislikes of the under-fives before creating *Andy Pandy* and *The Flowerpot Men*. Her research was well worth while, she says. "I get encouraging letters of appreciation, especially from parents of backward children."

A schoolteacher and an expert pianist, she writes not only the dialogue but also the songs (sung by Gladys Whitred) in her fifteen-minute films. "With Andy, I'm very limited by the fact that he must always be good—otherwise youngsters would soon copy him. I had to devise Teddy as the one who can slide down banisters and be naughty."

She likes watching children when they think they are unobserved.

ANN HOGARTH

Standing on a platform almost level with the piano top of singer Annette Mills, Ann Hogarth pulls the strings of Muffin the Mule and his animal friends. She rarely appears on the screen, and accepts philosophically a young viewer's remark that "As far as I'm concerned, you just don't exist!"

She and her husband, Jan Bussell, visit parks, schools and village halls with a caravan puppet theatre. She introduced Muffin on television before the war, with Crumpet, a clown, Oswald the Ostrich, Louise the Lamb and other characters who were made in the garden workshop of her house near Potters Bar.

Peregrine, an irascible penguin, is among her favourites. "I'm told he's like Gilbert Harding," she says.

Humphrey Lestocq and Mr. Turnip

Ann Hogarth and Muffin the Mule

WHAT TO DO When your set goes WRONG

COMPARED with a radio set, a television receiver is a complicated piece of apparatus. The TV set has seven hundred parts—four times as many as the average wireless.

The ease with which a TV set can be repaired varies from make to make. Certain models are known as engineers' nightmares, so when you are choosing a set it is wise to find out how easily an engineer can repair it.

Study the guarantee, and don't be misled into thinking that, because a part is guaranteed, it won't cost anything to have it replaced.

A wise purchaser not only compares different models but also investigates the service that is available once the set is installed. Some retailers offer a month's free service.

The cathode ray tube is the most costly item to replace and fit. For a twelve-inch tube the cost may reach £20, and engineers are chary of even guessing how long a cathode ray tube will last.

Some form of insurance or maintenance scheme seems a wise precaution. The Radio and Television Retailers Association offer a scheme under which the annual cost for a twelve-inch set is £6 15s. Some retailers have their own plans at about the same price.

If you have no maintenance or insurance, and your TV receiver breaks down, don't touch the inside of the set. Call a dealer who is the local agent for your set.

Only a small percentage of television faults can be repaired in your home, and most engineers prefer to remove the set to a workshop where it can be examined and tested. Charges vary for a house call; the minimum is about 7s. 6d.

If the set is taken to a workshop, most dealers will gladly provide a written estimate of the work required. If you feel that the estimate is excessive, you can ask another firm for its price, or consult the manufacturer.

Prices of most components are fixed. The variable factor is time and labour. On some models it takes only twenty minutes to fit a new cathode ray tube. On others it may take ninety minutes. And a tiny part worth only sixpence may take several hours to replace.

"If a television set were invented that would work for ever without attention," said one dealer recently, "I'd be the happiest man on earth. As things are, we not only sell the sets but—what is almost as important—we sell service to keep the owner pleased."

That's the kind of dealer to look for the next time your receiver breaks down.

HANNIBAL

by ***RICHARD STERN***

ILLUSTRATED BY TANAT JONES

Calamity! Disaster! At twenty-nine, Tim Dunstan was finished for life. He told himself so. He told his wife so. Then Hannibal, the rabbit, took over

TIM DUNSTAN WAS WORRIED — there wasn't any question about it. This was Sunday morning and he sat at his desk in his study with a third cup of coffee and a fifth cigarette and the newspaper unopened on the desk.

Through the window Tim could see Joe, next door's cat, the scourge of the neighbourhood and undefeated champion, sitting quietly and watching the small wooden house with intense concentration. Joe was malevolently pondering ways and means of opening the door. From the interior there came a low drumming sound, like far-off thunder, and from time to time the rabbit inside, christened Hannibal by the Dunstans, quivered busily. In his excitement his long white and pink ears flipped this way and that.

Betty said, "Tim. Tim, listen to me." She wanted to stamp her foot, to shake him, anything.

"I'm listening," Tim said. He finished his coffee. It was cold.

"Since Friday night," Betty said, "you've done nothing but sulk. It's as if——" She stopped there, the proper figure of speech eluding her. "Now look here, Tim." She marshalled her arguments carefully. "You've lost other orders before, ones you really wanted to get. And this one isn't important; you said that yourself."

"Mmmm," Tim said. He shook his head. "You don't understand. It isn't the fact that I lost it; it's *how* I lost it." He paused. "Maybe I'm losing my grip."

She did stamp her foot then. "At twenty-nine! That's ridiculous. Just because——"

"You still don't see it," Tim said. He made a small gesture of helplessness. "Look. It was in the bag, absolutely in the bag. That order had no more chance of getting away than—than that rabbit out there if Joe ever got him in the open. And I muffed it. That's the part."

"You were too sure of yourself, that's all."

FROWNING, he shook his head again. "When you start getting too cocky—— The ones who stay on top don't make that kind of mistake. The ones who do, don't stay long."

"That's nonsense," Betty said. But she was not sure it was. She hunted for a diversionary tactic. "What are we going to do about that rabbit, Tim?"

He smiled then, for the first time. "Hannibal? He's your problem. You won him."

That was unfair, Betty thought. "All I did was buy a ticket. For charity. And then——"

"And then here he came," Tim said, "house and all."

"But——" Betty said. "But I never won anything before. It's—it's ridiculous."

"Joe doesn't think it is." He watched the animals again. Hannibal's ears flopped in a distressful fashion. He drummed on the floor of the cage.

Joe's attitude was that of a thirsty man in front of a bar; he produced a length of cat tongue and lapped at his nose. He stood up and stretched himself, the great shoulder muscles bulging ominously. He sat down again and watched, and waited. Sooner or later the time would come; he could be patient.

It was a little past noon when Betty came into the study again. She had her purse in her hand.

"I'm going up to the nursery. They say the chrysanthemums are unbelievable. Coming?"

"I'll stay here," Tim said. The paper still lay unopened on his lap. "You go ahead."

"Tim." Her voice was not sharp now. "Tim, please. Why brood? It does no good and——" She stopped there. She turned away and walked slowly through the house and out to the car. She felt helpless, almost frightened. She heard the low thunder of Hannibal's drumming as she opened the garage door. Beneath her breath she said: "You. Be quiet!" She got into the car and drove off.

Tim sat where he was. Recriminations, he told himself, were useless; the thing to do, of course, was to forget the whole thing, just go on as if it had never happened. A man was entitled to a mistake, wasn't he? Wasn't he?

But the good ones, he thought, don't make mistakes, not that kind of mistake. It was only the half-good ones, the ones whose position was always precarious, who slipped more and more often and finally just slid out of sight. He knew one or two of them.

Scowling, he got up and went out to the kitchen to refill his coffee cup. Through the back door he could hear Hannibal drumming with his big hind feet. He put the coffee down and went outside. Maybe a little work, he thought, anything that would take his mind off his

"Why brood?" Betty said. "It does no good. Come out with me." He gazed at her, moody and silent

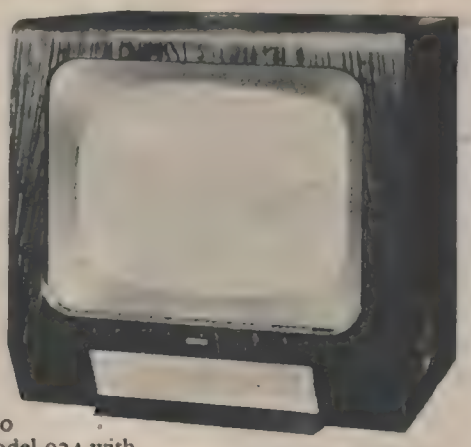
Keep your eye on COSSOR

Cossor Technical Leadership is *Your Guarantee* of good viewing and True Value

Designed to provide the best possible pictures in your area, these new models from the Radio Show, with all the proved technical features, represent television's most outstanding value. George Cansdale chose Cossor because, he says, "the pictures are so natural". You'll endorse his "view". Ask your dealer to demonstrate.

MODEL 932. 12" Table Television. Cossor Tube and 17 Cossor valves plus 2 crystal diodes bring outstanding pictures of superb definition. Negative ion trap, and full interference suppression. Polished wood cabinet with removable plastic frontispiece for easy cleaning of tube face. Elliptical forward facing speaker. For AC/DC.

52½ GNS



MODEL 933. 17" Five-channel AC/DC Table Model, with Cossor Tube, 18 Cossor valves and 2 crystal diodes. Big screen viewing for full family audience. Introduces fully comprehensive specification to ensure brilliant detailed pictures of incomparable quality. Superb highly polished walnut cabinet.

75 GNS

Also available as Console Model 930 at **91 GNS.** and De Luxe Console Model 934 with full length doors at **94 GNS.**

MODEL 512. The New "MELODY MINOR". A 4-valve AC/DC transportable for medium and long wave-bands. Full rich tone not usually associated with such small receivers. Elliptical loud speaker, built-in Cossor iron-cored "Ferrodyne" aerial. Charming cabinet in pastel polystyrene.

15 GNS

Post NOW. Send me details of Cossor Television and Radio Receivers

NAME

ADDRESS

A. C. COSSOR LTD., COSSOR HOUSE, HIGHBURY GROVE, LONDON, N.5

RV.14

worries. Rabbits' houses needed cleaning; he had heard this somewhere.

Joe was silent and motionless when Tim appeared. He still studied the ridiculous little house, Hannibal's pink twitching nose, his floppy ears. Joe's attitude was plain; Hannibal had four legs and was, therefore, fair game, automatically classified with the wire-haired terrier next door, with the police dog up the street, with the dachshund who now assiduously avoided the area, with all of the cats for streets around—with everything in range which walked, ran, trotted, flopped or bounced and could not be considered human.

Hannibal's time, Joe's attitude said plainly, would come; it was a matter of pride, not viciousness, pride and ebullience and joy in combat. Joe opened his mouth. He uttered one sound, a quavering yowl, bespeaking defiance. Hannibal's ears flopped distressfully.

"Come on, Joe," Tim said. "Inside, while I try to make our friend more comfortable."

He shut Joe in the house while he worked. He cleaned the rabbit's house thoroughly. He rinsed and replenished the water pan. Hannibal sat in a corner and watched him, his long ears folded back, his nose quivering, his large, liquid eyes filled with uncertainty and trepidation.

"I'm harmless," Tim said. "I'm probably the most harmless human you've ever looked at."

Hannibal said nothing.

"You and I," Tim said, "are brothers under the fur. Only thing is, you probably never had delusions of grandeur, you never thought you were pretty hot stuff." He told himself to stop it, that it was childish and ridiculous to make so much out of something that was past and done and had not been really important to begin with; but he could not shake off the feeling of depression. He was not looking forward to tomorrow.

There would be smiles and gentle jibes when he went to the club for lunch; but there would be a few smiles of pity, too, and those were the ones he dreaded most. Because they would confirm what he feared.

Poor Dunstan. He could hear it now. *Seems to have lost his grip on things. Let that Bibble order slide right out from under his nose, did you hear? Just plain carelessness.*

A man's reputation could not stand much of that.

He looked at Hannibal. "Hungry? What do you eat? Lettuce, celery, things like that? I'll see what I can do." He left the door open. Hannibal sat huddled in his corner, staring fearfully at the world.

Tim found greens in the refrigerator, already cleaned, tucked neatly in a tray. He collected an assortment and stuffed them in Hannibal's pan. He started once again for the rabbit, and as he opened the back door he saw it, and stopped, and he said, "Oh, my God! Joe! *Joe!*"

But Joe, who had found an open window in the study, was busy and he paid no heed. His tail was lifted like a flag now, and his whiskers curled briskly and he trotted, with nonchalance, with aplomb, with colours flying, straight for the open door. Hannibal's back was turned; he was drinking at his pan.

"Joe!" Tim shouted again, but it was no good and he knew that it was no good, and he began to run.

Joe spoke once, giving fair warning and Hannibal turned swiftly towards him. Then Joe advanced into combat. What happened now was more than a little confused; Tim saw it all, but even afterwards it was difficult to sort it all out. There was a thump, for one thing; it was actually a double thump, but the two sounds were so close that they intermingled, like two men, almost simultaneously, kicking footballs. Hard. Joe seemed to hang suspended in the door. And then, slowly, majestically, he came back out of the house and floated through the air, turning and twisting in a sort of slow motion. He landed on the grass with a thump, and for as long as it might take a man to count to five, nothing moved, not Joe, not Tim.

And then, carefully, with great deliberation, Joe got himself to a standing position on all four feet. He lifted one and shook it gently. He lifted another. He tested all four, and then swung his head from side to side, checking on the hinge of his neck. He looked at the open door, at Hannibal's quivering nose peering out; he looked at Tim. He opened his mouth and then shut it again, uttering no sound.

With immense dignity, he began to stroll towards the kitchen door. "Well, I'll be damned," Tim said. "Even you, champ!" There was wonder in his voice.

The rabbit's house was gone from the garden when Betty got home. She went into the house, puzzled. And there in the kitchen, on the floor, she found Tim and Joe and Hannibal. The rabbit's opened house sat beside them, and from time to time Tim pushed celery, spread with cheese, through the door. Tim had a beer in his hand; there was evidence to indicate that it was not his first. Joe sat beside his empty bowl which had contained warm milk and dark rum, lots of rum. Everybody watched Betty.

Betty said, "Well." But the expression on Tim's face was no longer unhappy; the brooding was over. She did not know how or why, but she was content.

"Having fun?" she said.

Tim nodded. "We've been talking things over." He held a piece of celery in front of the little house. Hannibal appeared, coming almost a foot out the door to take it. He retreated into his sanctuary. "Nice fellow, Hannibal," Tim said. "He floored the champ. Fair fight, but the champ was cocky, too sure of himself, got floored."

Joe said nothing. He swiped at his nose with his long tongue.

"If it could happen to him—" Tim said. He was having a little difficulty with the words, but his meaning was clear. "If it could happen to him, it could happen to anybody." He paused. "He doesn't seem to be worried, does he?"

"No," Betty said. It was strange, she thought, but at that moment she was close to tears. "Neither are you, any more."

Tim nodded. He picked up his beer. His eyes were bright and merry.

"And neither am I," Betty said. She started for the door before the tears should appear. Over her shoulder she said, "Have fun, fellows."

There was a low drumming sound. Hannibal's nose appeared in the door. He looked around.

"Ho—hum," said Tim, shoving another piece of cheese and celery at Hannibal. "To the victor go some spoils."

THE END

FRANK TILSLEY WRITES A NEW STORY

FRANK TILSLEY, the best-selling author of *Champion Road, Heaven And Herbert Common* and *Icedrome*, has written a brilliant new long story. The story is called

MISS PATSY TO WIN

and it appears complete . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

ABOVE US THE WAVES (9)

by Charles Warren and James Benson

The Italians invented the human torpedo: the British perfected it. Now, by an ironic twist of fate, the two ex-enemies combined to attack the very port which cradled the secret weapon

Italian frogmen help our chariots to blast a port

AT SIX THIRTY on the evening of June 21, 1944, the Italian destroyer Grecale, accompanied by a motor torpedo boat, steamed out of the Corsican port of Bastia and headed north. It was a beautiful Mediterranean evening with a hot sun, calm sea and excellent visibility. The ship's company was less interested in the weather than in the Grecale's destination—and the little band of "passengers" assembled on the destroyer's bridge. The Grecale was headed towards La Spezia, and the passengers were four British "charioteers," or human torpedo personnel.

From the Italian point of view there was something strangely ironic in the conjunction of La Spezia and British human torpedoes. The North Italian harbour, now in German hands, had been the birthplace and cradle of this form of underwater war. It was there that the crews which attacked Allied shipping in Gibraltar and Alexandria had been trained; it was there, too, that Italy's most famous fighting unit, the Decima Flottiglia Mas, had been based.

The heroic repute of the Battle of Britain pilots in the United Kingdom could scarcely have been greater than that enjoyed by the men of the Decima in their own country. The human torpedo was the only original contribution which Italy had made to the war, and her people were justly proud of it.

To wring the last drop of irony from the situation, one of the Decima men, the celebrated Count Luigi de la Pene, was on board the Grecale. De la Pene, whose torpedo had seriously damaged the battleship H.M.S. Valiant in Alexandria harbour in 1942, was in charge of a party of Italian frogmen. This unit was to attack a subsidiary target in La Spezia. The main targets were to be the two 10,000-ton cruisers, Bolzano and Gorizia, and these were the responsibility of the four British charioteers.

The attack had been planned in Taranto, where, after the armistice, British human torpedo crews met and compared notes with their Italian counterparts. The British underwater men had been delighted to find that their late enemy had never expected our torpedoes to

---

As Causer and Smith rounded the wall, there was the sound of boots, and the clipped noise of a gun being cocked. Causer held his breath

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD OSMOND

The calm, phlegmatic Harry Smith, in an improved Mark II chariot at Miami in 1945. He sailed into La Spezia as coolly as if pottering in his garden

Malcolm Causer was senior charioteer of the group which raided La Spezia. With Smith, he planted the charge which sank the Bolzano

come into the war either so quickly or with such great effect. The Italians had considered themselves masters of this form of attack, and the penetration by our chariots of the Palermo and Tripoli defences in 1943 had come as a very unpleasant surprise. More mortifying, perhaps, was the discovery that British chariots had greater operational scope and were technically more efficient than the Italian machines.

It was, then, with mixed feelings that de la Pene and his frogmen watched the mountains behind La Spezia appear on the horizon. To the four charioteers standing with him they were appearing far too soon. This extensive visibility was anathema to their trade. They needed clear, dark nights or, at worst, a protective haze in which to approach their targets. They would not, of course, take to the water before night had fallen, but a lot could happen before the sun went down. Sub-Lieutenant Malcolm Causer, remembering the grey desolation of the Norwegian Skerries, looked uneasily at the lucid sky.

Veteran Of Tirpitz Raid

Causer was the senior charioteer of the party. His first operation had been the gallant attempt, in 1942, on the German battleship Tirpitz as she lay in Trondheimfjord. He had been an Able Seaman at that time and a great deal of water had flowed above many chariots since then. Much experience, both technical and tactical, had been gained. Causer could not help being impressed by the contrast between this sleek Italian destroyer dashing towards La Spezia with its attendant craft, and the little fishing smack Arthur setting out from Scotland on the long voyage to Norway. Then, the chariots had been lashed on the heaving deck and the target had been four difficult days' sailing away. Whereas now La Spezia was already in sight and the torpedoes were safely stowed aboard the M.T.B. Things in the chariot world had changed with a vengeance.

Malcolm Causer was short and dark, with powerful shoulders and enormously strong hands. On this operation his slightly Latin appearance was to come in useful. Very different was Causer's Number Two, Able Seaman Harry Smith. Although as powerful physically as his partner, Smith, with his pink, fresh face, could never have been mistaken for any other but an Englishman. His manner, too, might have been a model for a caricature of Anglo-Saxon phlegm. Nothing worried Harry Smith; his attitude to existence in general and the hazards of human torpedoes in particular was summed up in his favourite phrase—"What the hell!" He was an ideal team-mate for the intelligent, imaginative Causer.

Lived For His Navy Job

In personalities, the second chariot team was more evenly matched. Its Number One was Conrad Berey, a petty officer cook. How on earth, might have wondered the scornful, glamorous heroes of the Decima, could a *cook* progress to be the pilot of a human torpedo? What sort of navy was this that chose men from the humble galley for the death-or-glory rôle of charioteer?

A glance at Berey would have answered such questions. Older than the others—in the late twenties—he was the most commanding personality among them; with his dark, smooth hair framing a dour, remorseless face, he would have been a formidable presence anywhere. He spoke little and to the point; his praise was the more valuable for being rare. When he criticized he spared nothing and nobody. He lived for his job, and his job was the navy—his navy. For foreign navies, or for foreign anything, Berey had scant respect. "Me!" he had exclaimed bitterly on boarding the Grecale. "Me in an Eyetie ship. Downright disgusting!"

Berey's Number Two was a stoker, Ken Lawrence. Tall and very thin, Lawrence was an amiable extension of his Number One. He was an extremely able diver, a bold, forthright man whose great value lay in the unshakable faith he put in Berey. For Lawrence, Berey was quite simply the best charioteer in the navy, and there was an end of the matter. The admiration was mutual, for Berey would not have changed his Number Two for any man in human torpedoes.

Such were the men chosen for the attack on La Spezia. They were representative of scores of young men who had come forward to offer their courage and skill for an undertaking the Admiralty had limited itself to defining as "hazardous operations." . . .

The Grecale reduced speed as La Spezia took shape in the distance. Through their glasses, the charioteers scanned the harbour they must penetrate. Thanks to the armistice and de la Pene's first-hand knowledge, no chariot operation had been so precisely briefed as this. Nor had accurate briefing ever been so badly needed. La Spezia was the Italian Scapa Flow, and its inner basins, where the warships lay, were protected by breakwaters, barrages and patrol vessels. Above all, the base was still under German control.

At eight thirty, while it was still uncomfortably light, the order was given to stop engines. The two small motor boats which were to transport the Italian swimmers were lowered first, and the frogmen climbed aboard. Once they were clear, the M.T.B. came alongside and embarked the charioteers. Two minutes later the three craft headed north at twenty-three knots.

Light Threatened Success

On board the motor boat, Commander Heathfield, the senior British naval officer, was none too happy. The light was lasting much longer than expected. The tiny convoy had been unseen so far, but a single enemy aircraft could still put paid to the operation. At ten o'clock, speed was cut down to thirteen knots—a snail's pace for that kind of craft. To the north-east, ragged plumes of smoke were drifting up from burning Leghorn. The watching men were glad to see that the R.A.F. had been at work, but couldn't help wishing that this particular raid had been put back twenty-four hours. The coast had been alarmed and harbour defences would be on the alert. . . .

At approximately fifteen miles from the base speed was again cut down—to six knots. The divers started getting ready, pulling themselves into the close-fitting rubber suits, testing their breathing apparatus, checking their machines. Dressing was the worst part of charioteering. In the hooded suits and heavy, lead-weighted boots,

Make lovely rugs like these . . . at home!

53 beautiful designs to choose from

THEY ARE 100% WOOL, they have a thick, even pile, and they are rugs which *you* can make for *your* home with a low-priced new Readicut outfit. Look what is provided! Strong squared canvas stencilled in colour—exclusive Readicut Latchet Hook—Readicut wool cut to length in exact amounts—simple instructions—a box and a storage tray. Everything you need to make a rug you will be proud of for years to come. Neither skill nor experience is needed. Start *right away* on this fascinating pastime that also adds to the comfort and appearance of your home.

Write today for the Readicut Book of Rugs, which is full of hints, tips and step-by-step diagrams of Readicut's unique method. Fill in the coupon NOW, and when your book arrives, learn how you can make your own rugs quickly—easily—cheaply. You can choose from 53 brilliantly coloured rug designs.

The complete Readicut outfit is brought right to your door.

Readicut

COMPLETE RUG-MAKING OUTFITS

READICUT WOOL CO. LTD. (Dept. 76), OSSETT, YORKSHIRE

FREE AND POST FREE
no need to send any money or stamps. Just fill in the coupon!

To READICUT WOOL CO. LTD. (DEPT 76), OSSETT, Yorkshire :— *Please send me a copy of the 1953/4 Readicut Book of Rugs.*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

What you want in a battery—and what you have a right to expect—is effective life for a long, long time. You get just that in an Ever Ready. You get consistent, faithful sound in a radio or a hearing aid. You get a steady, white beam from a torch or cycle lamp. And you go on getting it.

Your Ever Ready is like a small edition of the sun; it is concentrated energy, it is packed with power.

There are reasons for this. Ever Ready are just about the biggest dry battery people in the world. They have the greatest resources, the finest plant and the best brains in the industry. Testing and research go on all the time to ensure that your Ever Ready is as good as human skill can make it. You are wise to choose *Ever Ready for life!*

EVER READY DRY BATTERIES FOR RADIOS TORCHES · HEARING AIDS · CYCLE LAMPS

with cumbersome equipment round the chest and behind the back, Causer and his companions looked like some Hollywood producer's idea of the crew of a space ship.

An hour afterwards, the frogmen parted company. Waved away from the M.T.B., their boats sped in the direction of the breakwater. For them the waiting was over; the charioteers watched them go with envy.

Their dropping position was reached at 11.40, when the M.T.B. was three miles from the La Spezia breakwater. It was as dark now as it was ever going to be, but not quite as dark as the charioteers would have liked.

Visibility was still excellent from the defence vantage, and in the great stillness that now enveloped shore, sea and sky the listening posts would come into their own. After a last check of their equipment and an exchange of good wishes, the charioteers had their machines lowered into the water from the boat's specially cut-away stern. Slipping easily over the low freeboard they followed them into the sea.

Moved Into Darkness

The machines were detached from their cradles and the four men mounted, checked the trim and put the motors to slow ahead. In a moment or two they passed the port bow of the M.T.B. and moved into the darkness. As they headed north, Causer raised his hand to Berey and the petty officer signalled back. Then the two crews lost sight of each other.

Discussing the operation after the war, both Causer and Berey held that they had been dropped not three, but at least seven miles from the breakwater. This conclusion was forced on them by the seemingly interminable run-in which both crews experienced. Commander Heathfield, however, was unshakable in his opinion that the chariots had been launched at the agreed distance from the shore—three miles.

It appears that Causer and Berey were mistaken. Their sense of approaching over a long distance was due to the machines' batteries producing considerably less than the usual maximum speed. Half submerged on a torpedo and heading towards an enemy harbour at night are not circumstances calculated to produce nice judgment.

Awaited Depth Charge

For the first hour Causer and Smith ran in on the surface without incident. The night was still silent. There was only the "slap, slap" of the wavelets hitting the top of the torpedo's steel guard in front of Causer's eyes.

Suddenly a distinct throbbing came out of the darkness ahead—the unmistakable beat of a diesel engine. Causer dived immediately to twenty-five feet and reduced speed. The noise grew louder as the craft approached—seemingly right on their track—and rose to a violent drumming overhead. Causer winced, thinking of a depth charge. But the sound grew fainter and tailed away.

Whatever the craft had been, it had not sighted them, but Causer was taking no chances. As soon as he thought it safe, he came to the surface, stopped the motor and, by signs, instructed Able Seaman Smith to turn on his seat and sit facing backwards.

It was a most unorthodox position for a charioteer on that type of machine, but Smith, after much pushing and pulling, managed to assume it. With a pair of eyes looking aft, Causer decided to stay on the surface.

Things soon began to happen in the middle distance ahead. Tracer patterns flashed back and forth across the harbour, or dribbled into the sky. Searchlights sprang up and anti-aircraft shells sparkled in their beams. Sometimes a flare spread its pale pink glow above the town. An air raid—and that meant that enemy observation would be turned from the sea. Causer hoped the blitzing would be long and heavy.

Now he picked up a black shape which must be the boom defence vessel he had been briefed to expect. She was supposed to carry a listening post and Causer accordingly varied his speed at regular intervals. He was worried by the slowness of his progress, being now nearly two hours behind his schedule.

He altered course to starboard, searching for the marker buoy that lay midway along the mile-long breakwater. He found it without difficulty, turned still farther to starboard and started running parallel to the wall and about fifteen yards from it. Apart from the maddening delay in reaching this point, things had gone very well. If his luck held he would have no difficulty in finding the eastern entrance to the harbour.

Things had been going well for Berey and Lawrence, too—until Berey decided to trim the machine down. He was then approaching the breakwater and had picked up a light flashing at, he thought, either the main or the western entrance to the port. He had also identified the twin masts which, his briefing told him, marked the middle of the breakwater. This was satisfactory enough, but his machine was giving serious trouble.

On attempting to trim her down, Berey had found her impossible to control. When the control column was pushed forward the screw had lifted from the water with an appalling noise. When this was corrected by pumping aft, the chariot, like a rearing horse, stood on her tail with a foot of the torpedo's explosive warhead sticking out of the sea—an angle that kept Berey's head submerged. He found something even more disquieting: the torpedo refused to surface gently, but came out of the sea with a rushing lurch. These antics made a stealthy, steady approach out of the question. Berey slowed the chariot down and thought the matter out.

Something Had Broken

Coolly, still keeping way on towards the harbour, he went over the possible causes of the breakdown. There was an air leak in the ballast tank, which meant that it was useless for trimming. No other fault was apparent; Berey decided that something had fractured inside and was accentuating any angle put on the machine by the manipulation of the hydroplanes. If that were the case, there was absolutely nothing Berey could do about it.

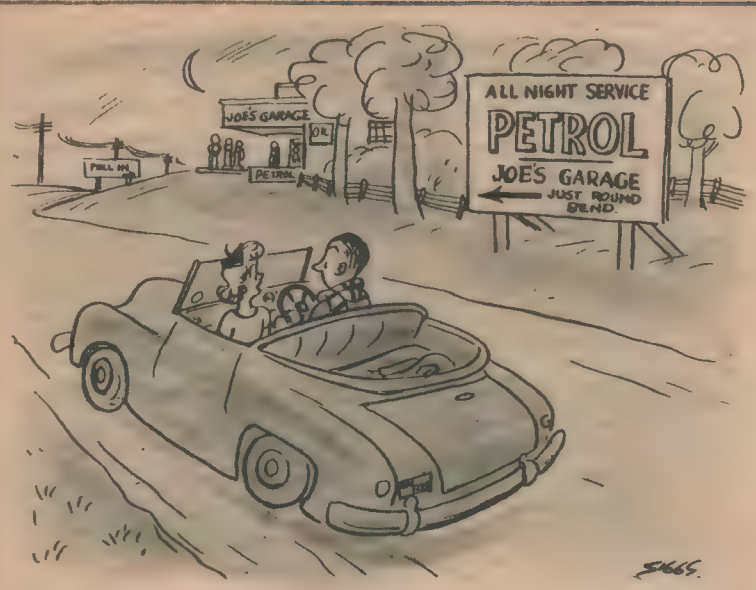
A lesser man might have given up there and then, but Berey was determined to go on while he had the slightest control. The mysterious fault might clear itself; miracles did happen—even to charioteers. And Berey remembered his first operation in Tripoli harbour, when damaged hydroplanes had forced him and his Number One to abandon the attack and scuttle the chariot. He was going to see this one through if it was humanly possible. The petty officer cook set his long jaw and continued towards the harbour. He decided to make his entrance on the surface. . . .

Causer's body was beginning to feel very stiff as, crouching forward, he guided his torpedo alongside the breakwater. He would have been glad to be inside the basin and beneath the surface. He inspected the long wall for signs of a gap, but none appeared. Once, indeed, a small entry did seem possible, but was found to be too shallow for the chariot's draught. When Causer found that he was three hours behind schedule, he decided to waste no more time, and ran for the harbour entrance at full speed.

Headed Into Harbour

The air activity was dwindling, although tracer still jetted from some points in the port. There were few searchlights up, but in general the base and its approaches seemed to be darker. Causer noticed these things vaguely; all his attention was fixed on not missing the end of the sea wall, along which he was now taking the torpedo as fast as it would go. He saw the end of the wall before he reached it, cut speed to a minimum and slowly headed the machine round to port to close and pass through the entrance.

The chariot had a perfect trim; all that was visible above the surface were the charioteer's heads and the top part of the torpedo's steel shield. But even that was too much. As they rounded the end of the wall there was the sound



"Well, this is a crazy place to run out of petrol, I must say"

of heavy boots—someone was striding rapidly along the concrete, keeping pace with the machine. Then came the dry, clipped noise of a gun being cocked.

It was so near that Causer held his breath. He daren't dive in case that small movement gave the sentry an aiming mark. He kept straight on. The steps became slower; Causer could imagine the man's rising doubt. Then they stopped altogether and immediately the end of the breakwater rose up ahead. Causer rounded it; they were in the harbour.

The first thing he saw, across the entrance, was the shape of a half submerged ship. He went round this and a minute later ran against a considerable obstacle—three rows of solid-looking anti-torpedo nets. The chariot was driven alongside the first; Causer and Smith started pulling themselves and the machine down its meshes, hoping to get under it at forty-five feet. But they reached the bottom at thirty-five, and Causer saw to his disgust that the amount of surplus net lying on the harbour bed was too much for them to lift to pass under.

Blessed The R.A.F.

The torpedo surfaced again. They had cutters, but cutting was a slow business and the time left was now very short. Some other way through had to be found. For several minutes they groped their way round in the darkness; the nets seemed to be everywhere, and this heaving and clutching soon became a great physical strain. Having to lean across their breathing bags deprived them of vital oxygen; more than once the chariot floated clear as Causer's or Smith's leg slipped off the saddle.

Suddenly they found a gap, and hope ran high again. It was big enough to let them ease the machine through; Causer ran on at slow speed. Very quickly, the second line of nets was reached. It, too, had a ragged hole; so had the third line—the luck was turning for them now. These nets were so badly damaged that a "big" submarine could have been eased inside. Some efficient "softening up" must have taken place, and the charioteers blessed the R.A.F. Riddled nets were something new in their experience.

With the nets behind him, Causer kept the chariot "up top;" he set course for where the latest aerial photographs had shown him the Bolzano was lying. After five minutes they ran into an extensive patch of oil which clotted their eye pieces and forced Causer to stop. Smith—admirable Number Two—fished out the lump of cotton waste he had stowed against just such a mishap and managed to clear most of the obscuring film from the glasses. Moving on again, they went up the middle of the channel, straining their eyes to starboard, the side where they expected their target to be.

Suddenly a great mass built itself up ahead. There was no mistaking, as they drew nearer, the sharp, forward leaning bows and the streamlined superstructure. An Italian cruiser. The Gorizia.

As Causer ran past her silently he wondered if Berey and Lawrence were at that moment beneath the enemy ship, or, better, if they had fixed their charge under the hull and were already out of the base. Such speculations were heartening; but Causer's job was still to be done. He altered course from the Gorizia to where he had been told the Bolzano lay. The luminous hands on the control panel clock pointed to 3.30 a.m. . . .

At that time Berey was far from the Gorizia. After reaching the breakwater on his damaged machine, he ran along it in a westerly direction, looking for a gap. He failed to find one but eventually came to the four wireless masts mentioned in the briefing. Taking a line from them, he steered towards the harbour's main entrance.

He reached it—and knew immediately that his part in the operation was over. People were there, on the piers and in the sea. There was shouting and confusion of voices. Signalling lamps flashed at each other from several points, heavy torches scanned the water. Berey stopped his machine and watched helplessly. It was obvious that these men and boats were looking for something on the surface—the alarm was on.

Berey, unable to dive the chariot, knew that he could never pass through the searching lights undetected. Nor was it possible to turn back and find the other entrance to the basin. Dawn was not far off and the torpedo's battery was showing signs of running down. Had he been alone, he would have risked the torches and limped on towards the target. But there was Causer somewhere—Berey hoped—within the harbour; there were Italian frogmen still at work. The risk of being seen and thus ruining the whole operation was too great to be taken.

Chariot Was Scuttled

Bitterly, Berey decided to give up. He turned from the lights and went back along the breakwater, looking for a deserted spot in which to land. They hit a current which took the chariot inshore to a little bay, and there they dismounted in the shallows. Berey set the clock on the warhead to explode the charge at 8 a.m.; then he and Lawrence sent the torpedo seawards with pumps flooding and the motor running at full speed. The chariot rolled forwards for fifty yards before diving steeply. Berey looked at his watch—4.30 a.m. Thigh-deep in water, he turned towards the shore. The sky was just beginning to lighten.

Meanwhile, after passing the Gorizia, Causer kept his chariot on the surface. He had entered the harbour by the eastern end, thus escaping the alarm which, at about that time, was closing the western entrance to Berey and

Now is the time to choose your . .

Savile Row
FOR AUTUMN & WINTER

No. 663 Tan Authentic MASCULINES. A sturdy, weatherproof shoe 79/9
No. 195 Tan embossed sports shoe, black bound upper and crepe sole 69/9
No. 175 Tan Step-in with embossed front, elastic gusset, leather sole 59/9

MANY OTHER STYLES FOR MEN from 49/9 to 79/9

Send P.C. for brochure and retailer's address to Savile Row Shoemakers, Dept. J.B.4, Northampton.

NEW VALUES IN Westminster RADIOGRAMS!

Luxury instruments in most attractive walnut veneer cabinets. Both fitted with powerful 5-valve all-wave radio for world listening, and featuring latest type record-playing mechanism. *For use with A.C. mains.*

FULL-SIZED TABLE MODEL

Where space is limited, this attractive table radiogram provides the answer!

27 GNS

With Collaro autochanger (as illustrated): 31 gns.
With Monarch 3-speed autochanger : 34 gns.

★ **EASY TERMS** with IMMEDIATE DELIVERY
Inexpensive 'All-In' Maintenance Scheme available for all models.

CONSOLE MODEL

Full-sized floor-model with automatic changer playing nine 10" or 12" records at one loading. Conveniently housed in drawer-front cabinet at arm-chair level. **36 GNS** (*Three-Speed Model* 39 Gns)

AC/DC RADIOGRAMS from 47GNS

FREE! *Brochure of 1953 Radiograms—from your Local Branch of Currys or from Head Office :- 77 Uxbridge Road, London, W.5.*

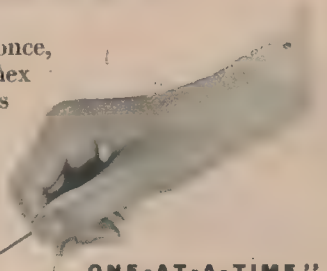
Currys

No more germ-filled handkerchiefs

— use hygienic

KLEENEX!

Use each clean, downy-soft Kleenex* just once, then destroy—germs and all. Kleenex soothes your nose during a cold, protects it from unsightly redness. Holds firm, won't fail. And think how Kleenex saves home laundry—saves on laundry bills!



THE ONLY TISSUE THAT "POPS UP ONE-AT-A-TIME"

1/-

also 2/- and the "Family Box" at 2/9

YOUR BEST BUY IN TISSUES • SOFT! • STRONG! • POPS-UP!

Made in England by Cellucotton Products Ltd., Carkers Lane, London, N.W.5 (*Regd. T.M.)

Wearra

ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUNDERS

ensure your comfortable fit whatever width you need

Slim Medium OR Broad

This Ladies' Model is "The One-Seven-Five"

Modern styling in an attractive shade of rusty-red calf. Unlined, extremely flexible, with crepe sole and heel.

from 52'9

For name of nearest retailer send p.c. to Makers: WEARRA SHOES LTD. Irthlingborough, Northants

Lawrence. Briefing had been very accurate, for after ten minutes on his new course Causer was able to pick out the Bolzano three hundred yards ahead. He reduced his speed to the minimum and crept slowly for a third of that distance. Then, taking a compass bearing that would bring him in just aft of the cruiser's bridge structure, he pushed the stick forward and dived to twenty-five feet. The final lunge at the target had begun.

Very gradually, at less than a knot, the torpedo nosed its way through the double darkness of night and water. Soon a shadow above warned them they were nearing the ship. This was the moment that every charioteer dreamt of—this approaching ceiling of steel, the great prize of their underwater world. When he judged the distance to be fifteen yards, Causer turned to starboard and reduced depth by five feet.

Beneath The Target

In a few moments they were beneath the ship, scraping along the underside of the curving hull. Causer stopped the motor. Then he and Smith, using the magnets the Number Two had already taken from the stowage locker, began to pull themselves and the machine down the hull's length towards the bows, clamping on one magnet at a time. When Causer reckoned he was half way down the ship and, as far as he could assess, just under the boiler rooms, he stopped and signalled to Smith. This was the moment to put the charges in place.

Without dismounting from their seats, they stuck several magnets to the hull. Each had a lanyard hanging down. Now Causer attached the loose end of each lanyard to the rail on the warhead—the steel cylinder containing a thousand pounds of explosive which formed the torpedo's nose.

After doing this Causer made what might have been a dangerous mistake—he dismounted from his saddle. That would not have been serious in itself—if Causer had not been holding a heavy magnet in his hands. Its weight started him on a violent plunge to the bottom, but he let it slip from his fingers in time. His slightly positive buoyancy allowed him to rise to the chariot again in a few seconds.

Smith, meanwhile, had dismounted and, alongside the warhead, was inspecting the attachments. He tested them thoroughly, giving each a hefty and thoughtful pull. At this crisis of the attack he was behaving with the untroubled deliberation he would bring to the staking of a plot in his garden.

A jaunty "thumbs up" sign was exchanged when both men were satisfied that the warhead was firmly secured. There remained the setting of the time fuse. It was now almost exactly 4.30 a.m. Causer turned the handle of the fuse till he felt two distinct clicks. The charge would explode in two hours' time, at the moment laid down in the briefing. The charioteers regained their seats. After a last check of the lanyards Causer pulled the release gear in his cockpit and the warhead swung clear from the chariot. The job was over.

Too Late For Escape

Briefing had stipulated that the charioteers, their task over, should land on a little beach inside the harbour, cross a range of hills and reach the open sea to the west of the base. There they were to wait till 10.30 p.m., when a motor boat would attempt to pick them up. The first part of this plan was based on an operation that was to finish well before daybreak. With his clock showing nearly 5 a.m., Causer rejected this scheme at once. He had no relish for the idea of appearing on a torpedo dressed in a rubber suit in the middle of a populated beach.

But he had to get out of the harbour, and get out of it quickly. He decided to go back to the breakwater, dive to thirty feet, then—course due south; full speed ahead. Course and depth were achieved at once, but "full speed" was a painful travesty. With her batteries very low, the chariot scarcely seemed to have any way on at all. Causer had never, until then, understood what to "hurry slowly" meant.

At 5.45, an hour after leaving the cruiser, the chariot jammed her nose into the mass of sharp rocks that formed the breakwater's base. Causer stopped the machine and flooded her completely. He turned to Smith and signalled him to dismount. The men floated clear, climbed the rocks to where the concrete wall began, and reached the surface. There, clinging to the concrete, they drew their diver's knives and cut off their suits and breathing apparatus. Causer made two bundles of these and sank them near the scuttled torpedo.

Great Crackling Roar

In a jumble of boulders at the end of the breakwater, the charioteers hid themselves as best they could. Dawn had come up and La Spezia lay before them. There was a lot to admire in the harbour and its surroundings; but the men in the rocks had eyes for nothing but the Bolzano. She looked beautiful as the morning light touched her camouflage, a fine ship, elegant as a yacht. Causer and Smith appreciated her, at the same time hoping that her appearance would change considerably for the worse in half an hour's time.

At 6.23 a.m. exactly, the warhead exploded. It made a great crackling roar that reverberated majestically in the hills. Causer and Smith leaped to their feet. For a second the Bolzano was shrouded in two white spouts of water which towered up on each side of the bridge. When these glittering plumes had crashed back to the sea—and in what seemed to Causer an amazingly short time—every small boat in La Spezia was on the move. They circled round the wounded cruiser in droves with the fussy, febrile activity of ants scuttling round their ruptured hill. Some rowed valiantly quite close to the ship and then sheered away, as if knowing what was going to happen next. Causer and Smith wedged themselves deeper into the rocks; for the first time they realized just what they had done.

Death Of A Fine Ship

Before long the Bolzano began to go down heavily by the bows. Soon her whole stern was out of the water; her screws were clearly visible. When her bow was completely under, Causer thought her stem had touched the harbour bed and that she was about to settle. But, in the end, she didn't go down slowly. Like a whale that has had the harpoon for some minutes in its lungs, the Bolzano suddenly rolled over and sank. When the mighty splash subsided there was nothing of her showing but a part of the starboard side.

The time was 7.30; the cruiser had taken sixty-five minutes to go under. In spite of their elation, Causer and Smith were awed. They were seamen, and they had seen a great ship die. . . .

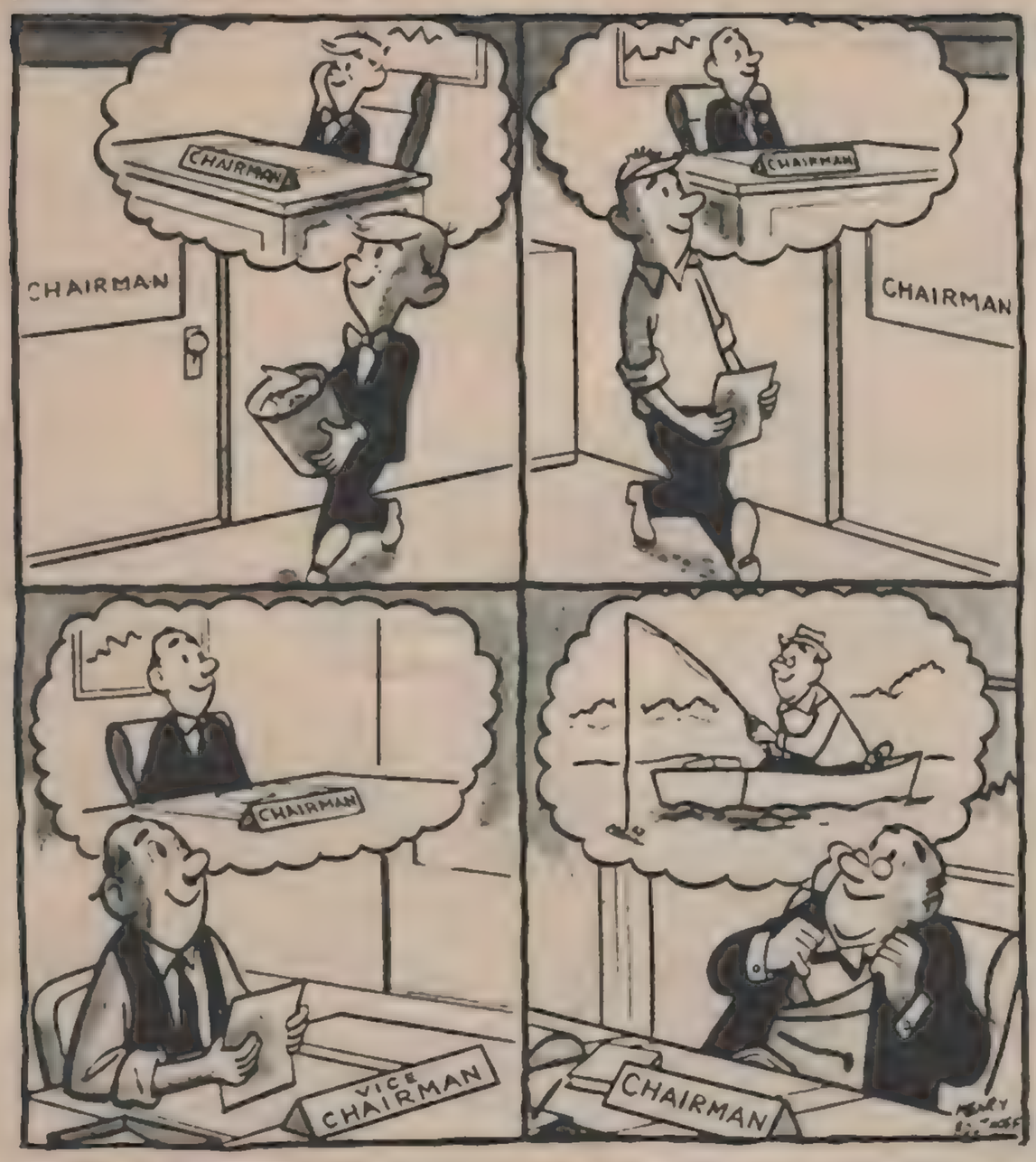
* * *

Causer and Smith escaped from La Spezia harbour in a small boat, with the audacious intention of rowing the ninety miles that lay between them and Corsica. After two days at sea, they became completely lost. Exhausted and suffering badly from thirst, they finally had to give up and make for land. Here they were picked up by friendly Italians and taken to a Partisan hideout in some woodland hills about forty miles from La Spezia.

Just after dawn a few days later, Causer spotted two bedraggled figures coming through the trees into the clearing. They were Berey and Lawrence. These two had attempted to get away from La Spezia overland, and after several narrow brushes with German patrols had been picked up by the same Italian Partisan group.

Six weeks later the charioteers tried to cross the German lines to join the British forces on the River Arno. Only Berey succeeded. Lawrence, wounded by a hand grenade thrown by a German sentry, was taken prisoner. Causer and Smith, attempting to cross at the same spot, both fell into enemy hands.

NEXT WEEK: The midgets strike at the Japs—and win two V.C.s



THE STOLEN BRIDE

Continued from page 13

knows her own mind. She loves me."

"An age of great wisdom, surely. And your age?"

"Twenty-three, my father."

"You have hidden her well?"

"In a place where no one will look."

"I perceive that this is going to be a busy day," said Father Patenaude. "Let us have some soup while there is time."

They faced each other across the table, each with a big bowl of that delicious, thick pea soup. Father Patenaude opened his clasp knife, took the long brown loaf firmly against his chest, and cut many slices.

Lamarche ate like a wolf. He must have travelled hard and far to eat like that. So much of his story was true, at least.

"Have you ever heard of Thomas à Kempis, my son?" asked the priest, after the second bowl of soup.

"Never, father," replied Lamarche, between bites.

"In the twenty-second chapter of the first book he says, 'Oh, how great is the frailty of man, that he is ever ready and prone to sin!'"

"True," agreed Lamarche with a sad shake of his head. "It is much to be regretted."

"It is unfortunate that this Tibère Gendron should have his heart set upon worldly riches."

"What can you expect—of that rogue?"

There was a sudden knock at the door.

Lamarche stiffened and his hand went to his knife. Father Patenaude frowned and shook his head at him as he crossed to the door.

In came a man who had to stoop so that his tall fur cap might not be brushed off by the top of the doorway. He filled it as he passed through. His arms hung down to his knees, and in one of his big mittened hands he carried a shotgun. His bright eyes fastened themselves upon Honoré Lamarche in unmistakable desire to lay hands on him.

Behind him entered a younger man, of about the same build and age as Lamarche. He was very neat in appearance, with a square jaw, and a wisp of moustache growing upon his lip. He carried a rifle.

"Be seated, *messieurs;*" said Father Patenaude, before they could speak. "It is Monsieur Tibère Gendron and Monsieur Marcellin Berube, if I am not mistaken."

"It is," growled the big man. "We're after that young wolf over there. And my niece. Where is my niece?"

"Softly," replied the priest. "There is a time for all things. Be seated, and let us get to the bottom of this matter."

"He's stolen the girl I was going to marry," said Berube, sitting down on the same bench with Gendron. "Where is she?"

Lamarche, with his hand still upon the hilt of his knife, rested his head against the bearskin and grinned. He said nothing. Father Patenaude ran his fingers through his hair, perplexed, and looked at him.

"Monsieur Lamarche alone knows where she is," he said, "and I think it will be well for all of us to be calm. It may be that he can be induced to tell. In the meantime, eat, *messieurs.*"

A little oil upon the troubled waters, but not sufficient to do more than bring a semblance of peace. There was Gendron, evidently a man of some property, whose niece had been kidnapped. There was Berube, a decent-looking young fellow, with the weight of family approval on his side. And there was Honoré Lamarche, who admitted that he had stolen a young girl from her home.

GENDRON and Berube drew up to the table, still holding their weapons. "Listen to me, Father Patenaude," said Gendron impatiently. "The softness of your heart is well known, and with that we have no quarrel. You do not understand, that is all. This fellow Lamarche worked for me, with Berube. He has been a trouble-maker, a card-player, a ne'er-do-well."

"I have reformed," said Lamarche piously.

"He's lying!" said Gendron. "He has reformed merely to make an impression on Marie. He's stolen this girl who is not yet eighteen. If you won't let us make him tell what he has done with her, then come with us while we take him to the police."

Father Patenaude scratched his head until his grey mane stood up in all of seven different directions. He saw that Honoré Lamarche changed colour at the suggestion of arrest. The law was undoubtedly upon the side of the uncle. It was a problem.

"I have an automobile," said Father Patenaude, at length. "She was made in 1929 and I call her Eveline. She is

"Smooth"

IS THE KEY WORD

says **MARKOVA** Internationally Famous Ballerina

From the smooth elegance

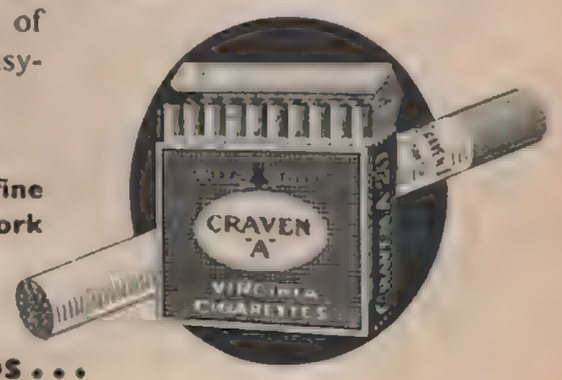
of the world's most famous Prima Ballerina . . .

"Ballet dancing," says Alicia Markova, "demands a degree of control over the muscles that is unknown in any other form of dancing. Only by perfect muscular control can the smoothness of movement that is the hallmark of great dancing be achieved."

. . . to the smooth smoking

of 'a fine cigarette made smoother by cork'

In Craven 'A' cigarettes, cork tips and fine tobacco combine to give you the smoothest smoking you've ever known. The firm feel of cork between the lips is an added pleasure in itself. Cork cannot stick, cannot slip and it keeps the end of the cigarette firm and dry and easy-drawing to the last.



Every Craven 'A' smoker enjoys fine cigarettes made smoother by cork

Smooth **to the lips . . .**

Smooth **to the taste . . .** *Smooth* **to the throat**

37

For DAY-IN, DAY-OUT RIDING...

. . . you need the reliability and the resilience, the strength and the safety of Dunlop tyres. In the big roadster-range there's a tyre for every purpose, a tyre at just the price *you* want to pay.

DUNLOP FORT

TOURIST SPRITE

ROADSTER

CHAMPION

CAMBRIDGE

FOR SPORT OR SPEED choose from light and lively Silver Sprite, Sprite, Speed, Sports, Tandem, Sprite Tandem, and Ultra-Light Road Racing and Road Racing (High Pressure).

—you'll ride more comfortably on

DUNLOP

They're more RESILIENT

3H/309

If you're living on your nerves

then read this letter

"I feel I must write and tell you that Phosferine has *done more for my wife than any other tonic.* My wife suffers from neurasthenia . . . She feels 100% *better* and wouldn't be without a bottle in the house . . . I would certainly recommend it to anyone . . ."

(Signed) D.A.B., London.

How PHOSFERINE restores nervous energy

If you are living on your nerves you are bound to be feeling the strain. Sleeping badly, not eating and no doubt feeling miserably depressed. But with the first dose or two of Phosferine the appetite improves. This leads to a strengthening of the nervous system, evident in better nights and a calmer, happier outlook. After this it is simply a question of time building up the *extra* vitality you need. Get a supply of Phosferine now.

PHOSFERINE

PROMOTES GOOD HEALTH

1/7 & 3/10

Available in Liquid or Tablet Form. 10 drops equal 2 tablets.

"Will you stop moving around until we find just who stands where?"

a mechanism of much wisdom, having reached such a respectable age. Yet to a certain extent she has the feminine temperament. *Messieurs,* when I go out upon the road with her, in sunshine or in blizzard, I let events take themselves as they will. If she wishes to jog along in low gear, I permit it, but if she prefers to hurry along in top I do not object. Why could we not let Mademoiselle Marie make her own choice?"

"Agreed!" said Lamarche.

"No!" said Berube. "Lamarche has bewitched her."

"She's a child and a fool," said Gendron. "He's filled her head full of nonsense."

"Bring her to us," suggested the priest to Lamarche, "and let us see how much of a child she is."

LAMARCHE sat up straight in his chair. "No! While I'm wounded and those two have their guns? I'll let myself be torn in pieces first."

"Dear me," groaned Father Patenaude. "Let us see what Thomas à Kempis says about this matter."

"Where does he live?" demanded Gendron, suspiciously.

"In heaven, I trust, these five hundred years and more," answered Father Patenaude, as he reached for *De Imitatione Christi.*

It so happened that he opened at the third chapter of the second book, and his eye fell upon these words:

"But to live peaceably with evil men, or with froward men that lack good manners and be untaught, or with those that be also contrarious unto us, is a great grace and a manly deed, and is much to be praised; for it cannot be done but through great ghostly strength."

"Ah!" murmured Father Patenaude, closing the book, "certainly these are contrarious men." He considered the matter anew.

"Lamarche," he said, "if you will not produce the girl, I fear I shall have to go with all of you to the authorities."

"Very well," replied Lamarche, grimly. "They can put me in jail, but she'll never go back to the house of Tibère Gendron."

"You do not trust me?"

"I do not trust a shotgun and a rifle."

"Take a little time to think it over," said the priest quietly. "It is a very serious matter."

No one spoke further. Marcellin Berube had taken out his knife. He began to stab idly at a piece of bread.

Tibère Gendron sat upon the bench with the shotgun across his knees and his big shoulders hunched forward in the direction of the wounded but defiant enemy. The nervous hands of Honoré Lamarche had picked up a piece of board Father Patenaude used for a book-rest and played with it.

The silence in the room lasted for minutes. It was so still that the ticking of the wooden clock on the mantel grew bold. It struck twelve triumphantly. But for the *tick, tick* of the knife of Marcellin Berube as he stabbed at his slice of bread, there was no sound. Father Patenaude could hear his own breathing.

Suddenly he saw Berube stiffen and lean across the table. The gaze of Father Patenaude followed his. A mouse had come out from a hole in the floor, moved a foot from his retreat, and stopped to find whether any of those silent humans had any concern with a mouse.

Berube took his knife by the point. His arm went back, and with a movement quicker than the eye could follow, he drove the knife at the mouse. Father Patenaude started to rise, and sank back. The knife was quivering in his reading board, held up in its path by Honoré Lamarche.

Lamarche took the knife out of the board and tossed it on the table. "*Voilà!*" he exclaimed. "Your knife, monsieur."

"You cunning little devil!" choked Berube. "I didn't throw it at you, as you're trying to make Father Patenaude believe."

"Admitted," shrugged Lamarche. "But why kill the mouse? For the pleasure of seeing him die?"

"He's like that," said Gendron to the priest. "Soft, and a madman."

FATHER PATENAUDE leant against the wall with the feeling that he had indeed received ghostly strength in dealing with these froward men. At last he saw light. He had come to a new decision, and one which thoroughly satisfied him.

"That mouse was my Confucius," he said, with the hint of a smile broadening his generous mouth. "I have called him that because without a doubt a mouse is a heathen, and I have reason to believe that this one is a philosopher. He comes out every day at noon for his dinner. When the clock struck I

should have remembered. Honoré Lamarche, you have saved the life of my Confucius."

"What nonsense are you talking about?" demanded Gendron, evidently near the end of his patience. "We didn't come to talk of mice. Let's take this fellow and start."

"Ah," exclaimed Father Patenaude, in triumph. "I now have new wisdom in this matter. Thomas à Kempis says, 'And if thy heart be straight with God, then every creature shall be to thee a mirror of life and a book of holy doctrine, for there is no creature so little or so vile but that sheweth and representeth the goodness of God.'

"What we should do now is clear. I was about to take Lamarche and go with you to the authorities," he continued, "because I doubted the goodness of his heart. But since Berube desired to kill my Confucius and Lamarche saved his life, it is now clear that this young man Honoré is not so bad as you say. He will bring the beautiful Marie to me and leave her here. Then you two and he will go in peace, but in opposite directions, and after a fortnight you will all come again. By that time we shall know who is better for the girl's happiness."

"Agreed," said Lamarche. "I ask nothing better than that."

Marcellin Berube jumped to his feet, jerked out of the calm which he had so far maintained. He seized the rifle. "Priest or no priest, I'm going to have the girl."

For at least three seconds Father Patenaude was dazed by this sudden ending to his plan. And in that little span of time a bad situation grew a hundred times worse. The back door burst open and a girl ran to the side of Honoré Lamarche.

"The priest had her hidden!" shouted Gendron. "Drag her off, Marcellin, and bring her along."

"I'd rather die than go with you," said Marie, her fine eyes flashing. "Good Father Patenaude, Honoré hid me in your woodshed, and I've been there all the time, listening. Don't let them take me. I love Honoré. His heart is good. God and the little Confucius know that very well. Look! See what they did to me."

EVEN while Berube moved towards her, watching the knife hand of Lamarche, she bared her arms. Upon the white flesh there were red welts half as thick as a man's finger.

Father Joseph Patenaude girded up his soutane and rolled back the sleeves from the forearms as hard as oak and so thick that no shirt was ever loose enough to be quite comfortable in the elbows.

He wrenched the shotgun from the grasp of Tibère Gendron as an ordinary man might have taken away a stick from a naughty child. He leaned forward, and, with one foot set firmly against the floor, he brought the gun barrel down upon his leg just behind the knee. Under the power that was in his arms, it bent to a right angle. He hurled it into a corner.

Tibère Gendron struck him a smashing blow in the face and closed with him. Father Patenaude lifted the giant clear of the floor and bent him back across the table until he went limp. Then the priest turned quickly on Marcellin Berube, took him by the back of the neck with fingers that closed like the jaws of a bear-trap, and dragged him squirming to the door. He opened it and swung Berube out into the snow. Then he hurled Gendron to his feet and sent him hurtling forth with the aid of a well-planted moccasin.

Father Patenaude stood in the doorway watching, while he got his breath again, until Gendron started away, leaning heavily upon the shoulder of Berube.

"*Pax vobiscum!*" he murmured in all sincerity. "Those men of wrath have tempted me to violence, and it is because I have not given enough care to their souls. I must do better."

But his sorrow was forgotten as he turned from the door. The flower-like face of Marie lay against the cheek of the young man who had saved little Confucius, and upon both their faces was the imprint of joy. THE END

'You can't beat a glass of good wholesome beer'

Kindly, honest-to-goodness beer. Glowing with good-nature, mellow and warming. Genial, wholesome beer. How could it be otherwise? Brewed with the skill and care of long experience from good malt and ripened hops, beer is best—and best enjoyed among friends at The Local.

Let's have one at The Local

ISSUED BY THE BREWERS' SOCIETY · 42 PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

ALL-BRAN RAISIN MUFFINS

1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran
¾ cup milk
1 cup sifted plain flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar or syrup
1 egg
2 tablespoons margarine or fat
½ cup seedless raisins or sultanas

Combine All-Bran and milk in mixing bowl. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt into same bowl. Cream sugar or syrup and fat and add beaten egg. Mix together with fruit until combined. Fill greased patty tins two-thirds full. Bake in pre-heated moderately hot oven (400°F) about 25 mins. Yield: 10 medium muffins.

Delicious All-Bran Raisin Muffins. So easy to make from our recipe.

Tempting MUFFINS TO KEEP YOU FIT!

Everyone knows how good All-Bran is for breakfast—good to eat *and* keeps you "regular" too.

But All-Bran isn't just a health-giving breakfast food. Those mouth-watering cookies you see in the picture are just the thing for "elevenses," tea-time or an evening snack! You simply *must* try this famous recipe—tested and loved by millions of women in every country where All-Bran is used—to realize how really delicious these muffins are!

If you'd like more ideas for using All-Bran in your cooking, send a card to Dept. H.E., Kellogg Company of Great Britain Ltd., Stretford, Manchester.

ALL KELLOGG CEREALS ARE GOOD TO EAT AT ANY TIME

More people like Kellogg's most

ALONG MY LINE

Continued from page 11

of Guardians arrived to watch the fun. For some reason, my sister and I had rigged the guy out in woman's clothing, complete with blouse, skirt and elastic-sided boots.

Smiling and patting me benevolently on the head, our grand visitor said: "I see you have made yourself a lady guy. Now, whoever can she be?"

"Mrs. Pankhurst,'" I said, innocently naming the woman suffragist who at that time was much in the news.

The lady turned very pale.

"I do not think this is at all amusing," she told mother and stalked off.

Later we learnt that our visitor, herself an ardent suffragette, had told my grandfather of my irreverence. Of course, the old man made things extremely hot for both of us.

When I was five, Constance and I began to attend school. Each morning we would be taken by one of the inmates to Miss Ford's school in Grenfell Road, just off Ledbury Road, where we were taught to write on slates and add and subtract figures.

Caned For Lateness

When we were left to come home by ourselves there was usually trouble of some sort or other. On one occasion my sister and I pulled a cap off a little boy in the lane at the back of the workhouse and we were rebuked by an elderly lady, the wife of a local prebendary. When she said: "I will speak to your mother," I was upset because our little misdemeanours were always grossly magnified by Grandfather.

After three years at Miss Ford's I was able to go to the local "Blue" school, an old arrangement by which you paid sixpence a week to get a slightly better education than at ordinary elementary schools.

My master there was a man called "Billy" Caldwell, a fiery dapper little man with a sharp, upended waxed moustache. This galvanic despot—he used to dance rather than walk—was a great disciplinarian who terrified us boys. The idea that any of us should be late was unforgivable. So whenever I arrived two minutes behind time, I would get caned on the hand, which I always thought was an unsatisfactory method of punishment. As I became more practised, I used to get a certain amount of fun from pulling my hand back as the cane came down. This sometimes had an unsettling effect on the excitable Billy, and his second swipe would not be half so vicious.

I respected Billy but I cannot say I wasn't glad to see the back of him when I was elected to the Royal Orphanage, Wolverhampton. Determined to have me properly educated, Mother had long been searching for a suitable but inexpensive school. Since my nuisance value to my grandfather was wearing us all out, Mother, though she knew I did not wish to leave her side, considered it would be wiser to have some form of outside discipline imposed on me.

Last Days At Home

What to do with me? My father's numerous family were conspicuously unhelpful in any way. Just then something happened which, I am sure, was the last straw as far as my grandfather and I were concerned.

Mr. Sandford, the head gardener, was inordinately proud of his vast vegetable plots. One day, I was loafing about his cottage, watching his wife cooking. Upon being given a mouthful of "white pudding" I went off, walkover the garden, trailing my big red wooden engine behind me on a piece of string. I was crossing a patch of what I thought were weeds, when I heard someone shout: "Get off those vetches!" Vetches—Sandford's pride! Angrily the gardener dashed off to Grandfather, and that was the beginning of the end of my days at the Union Workhouse, Hereford.

Mother, hoping to get me into Wolverhampton's Royal Orphanage, had been writing round to all the patrons and subscribers to the school funds, the school at that time still being entirely "supported by voluntary contributions." Founded in 1850 to provide shelter and education for the children orphaned in the cholera epidemic of 1848, it was housed by the time I arrived there in 1916 in an imposing building off Penn Road, and harboured 220 boys and 130 girls.

Mother had twice to circularize my "canvassing card," containing my photograph and details of our circumstances. To my delight her first attempt was unsuccessful. I had been thoroughly scared off by the son of a local dentist, Freddy Volpe, a lad some two years older than myself, who had taken me aside and drawn a hideous picture of what went on there.

When, one dreadful afternoon a few months later, Mother announced that I had been accepted, I went to my room and sobbed myself to sleep.

On August 28, 1916, Mother took me in a smelly old horse-drawn cab from the low-level station, Wolverhampton, to the Royal Orphanage. Quite beyond my power of description is the dreadful feeling of finality, the terrifying and almost unbelievable sense of leaving something behind me for ever.

I was a very spoilt little boy, really; badly behaved, selfish and liable to violent fits of temper if I did not get my own way quickly enough. And, so far, I had always got my own way in the end, grandfather or no. All I knew was that I was going to be separated from my mother, and that I was going to be locked up and thrust into a uniform which I thought was silly.

We new boys were "received," examined by a Doctor Dent whom I liked at once, under the eagle eye of the matron, whom I felt I should never like. Then we were given our uniforms and I was horrified by the shirt and terrible broadcloth pants, and the *boots*! Grotesquely clad, we were taken back to say goodbye to our mothers.

Some time afterwards we new boys were taken to the lavatory where, to my unspeakable shame, we all had to get into a big bath together under the supervision of a maid. This was the final humiliation. I could not remember when any woman except my mother had seen me naked. I cried myself to sleep and awoke to stark reality: I had come to school, I was "in."

Although it was a school for both boys and girls, the sexes were rigidly segregated. The passing of notes between boys and girls was unthinkable. Even the exchange of glances in chapel was frowned upon. Life was very institutional—there were only two terms a year, with a month's holiday at Christmas and six weeks in the summer. Whitsuntide and Easter week holidays were spent at the school. There was one visiting day each term.

Girls' Ugly Clothes

Boys wore the dreadful heavy boots which so depressed me on seeing them for the first time. We also wore brown stockings, moleskin breeches, long blue coats and white bibs—just like Christ's Hospital but not so smart. Girls wore hideous blue tunics, stiff white collars, cuffs and unbelievably hideous flat straw hats. Food was adequate but quite disgusting.

There was never any doubt what breakfast would be. Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday: bread and margarine, occasionally jam or marmalade, cocoa. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday: porridge as well. Two bits of bread when there was porridge, four when there was not. And this delicious food was eaten off chipped enamel plates, the cocoa drunk from chipped enamel mugs. If relatives sent us eggs we would be allowed to put our names on them and have them cooked for us.

School began at nine and went on till twelve fifteen. Then came dinner. There was never any doubt about that, either. Sunday: bully beef and beetroot with potatoes boiled in their skins, followed by stewed prunes. Monday: mince, followed by rice pudding. Tuesday: bully beef followed by Tuesday's "gobby"—a kind of fruit pudding in which we used to find the oddest things—from rat tails and bits of string to fragments of sacking. Wednesday: fish—boiled cod—and potatoes, rice pudding. Thursday's dinner I have forgotten, but I know it was something awful. Friday: Friday's "gobby"—a kind of meat pudding which consisted of a soggy crust and a lump of iridescent fat. No one ever ate all the lumps of fat.

"Eat It Up, Boy!"

Shortly after I arrived, the headmaster complained about waste. Now, it was an understood thing that the bread plate was used for unwanted bits of fat, the plate being passed from boy to boy as and when he needed it. That day the Head chose to follow up his words by making a tour of the dining hall. Unfortunately, he saw this plate stacked with chewed fat, which happened at that moment to be in front of me. He did not ask: "Is this yours?" He ordered me to eat it up.

I looked at the messy pile with a nasty feeling churning up inside.

"Eat it up, boy!" the Head roared. "We do not want any waste here."

"But, sir, I did not put any of that stuff on the plate," I said.

"Eat it up!" the Head insisted, pushing my face towards the mess.

I had no alternative but to swallow the other boys' leavings, and was promptly sick on the spot.

Afternoon school was between two and four o'clock, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Tea was at six and was always exactly the same as breakfast. No more was eaten between then and bedtime except one dry biscuit, which was handed to us at eight thirty. Evening prep lasted from seven o'clock till biscuit time. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons would be devoted to games. There was an asphalt yard and a playroom and a covered playground. I did not enjoy any games much, though later I did get round to running, and I once won the junior 220 yards, the prize for which was a small Brownie camera.

We were always bathed in batches of

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B

ARTHUR, Stephen and James were looking forward to an autumn motoring tour in Scandinavia. The idea was that they should all go in Arthur's car—the others taking it in turns to drive, and helping to pay expenses.

But about a week before they planned to leave, Arthur's firm asked him to fly to Denmark on urgent business. He could hardly refuse, but he had an idea. "You set off next week as we planned," he told Stephen and James. "Drive the car to Copenhagen, and pick me up there." The other two agreed.

Arthur duly flew to Denmark, travelling light, leaving most of his luggage for the others to bring.

On the following Saturday, Stephen and James packed themselves and the luggage into Arthur's car, and set off for the port. Stephen was driving, more high-spiritedly than carefully, when he collided with a lorry.

The car was wrecked, and Stephen and James were injured. The car was beyond repair, and, in Copenhagen, Arthur opened a cable to read that both the car and the holiday were ruined. He stayed there, struggling along with few clothes, and sight-seeing by bus.

He arrived back in England feeling rather depressed, and discovered a writ waiting for him.

The driver of the lorry involved in the crash was suing Arthur, claiming that Stephen had been driving as his "servant or agent," and that Arthur—as owner of the car—was liable for Stephen's negligence.

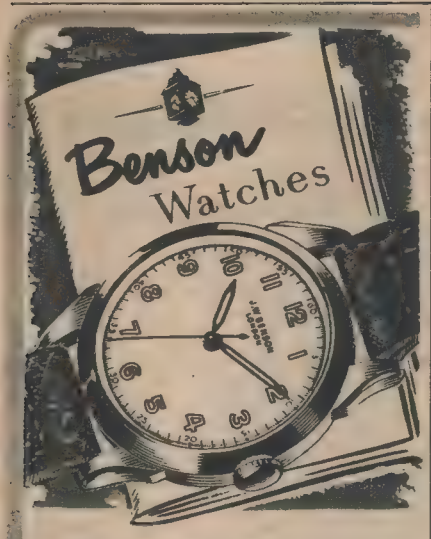
Arthur could hardly deny that Stephen had been driving carelessly. "But why on earth should I be held responsible?" he said with some heat. "I was six hundred miles away at the time."

His defence was that Stephen had never been his servant, and could not possibly be regarded as such. As for being an agent, Stephen had been driving the car on holiday, with Arthur's permission: they were not business associates conducting a commercial negotiation.

It was really stretching words, said Arthur, to say that a friend who drove one's car on holiday was an agent in the legal sense.

"I don't agree with you at all," answered the lorry driver. "You owned the car that wrecked my lorry. I think you should pay."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, see page 45



Before you choose, send for this

new free catalogue

—illustrating over 40 models for men and women by Benson's, famous since 1847 for fine watches. Superbly designed, fully guaranteed, Benson watches are available at prices from £6.17.6. If you are too far from London, you can safely buy through the post.

Deferred Terms *at no extra cost*

cut out and post *NOW*

Please send your **WATCH** Catalogue

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

J. W. BENSON LTD (Cat. Dept. L)
25, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
formerly of Ludgate Hill.

A SEPARATE CATALOGUE
showing a superb selection of **GEM RINGS** *at prices from £11.0.0d. is also available on request.*

Indigestion

sweet relief in your pocket

Slim roll pack—sweet (specially *sugar-sweetened*) tablets containing *no less than* 11 *different scientifically balanced therapeutic ingredients.* Moorland Antacid Indigestion Tablets do bring you much surer, quicker relief from indigestion, heartburn, flatulence and similar disorders. Never be without them. 1/- a packet of 4 rolls (40 tablets), 1/11*d.* a packet of 8 rolls (80 tablets). From *every* chemist.

twenty at a time in a great tub. Though, after my initial humiliation and shock, I got accustomed to this, I never became reconciled to the state of the water. This was not changed for each batch. If you were in the third batch or later, you had to push back a sea of scum as you went in.

We were astonishingly well taught, though. Nothing else mattered. Indeed, there was little else to do except learn. The headmaster was one of the most remarkable men I have ever known. The Rev. Frank Lampitt, known as "Dad," was feared and hated by most of the boys. He loomed over our lives, a grim figure with a white moustache stained by tobacco chewing and incessant smoking; when he spoke, tobacco juice would spray all over us.

Reign Of Terror

I now realize what he had to put up with. His own salary was meagre. Not a single man on the staff had a degree. We were, remember, in the middle of the first World War. The only good masters were very young "old boys" waiting for military call-up. The others came from the hedges from the look of them. Some drank. Some were patently illiterate. Most of them came and went for all kinds of reasons.

"Dad" Lampitt therefore took it upon himself to keep order by what was virtually a reign of terror.

Before breakfast he would give tuition in his study to advanced scholars, then teach for every period throughout the day. He would then preside over the dining hall at dinner-time and go on to teach again during evening prep. Finally he would supervise the master's rounds of the dormitories. He was already a gravely sick man when I arrived.

Instead of evening services, he would read aloud from such books as *Dombey and Son*. Whenever anyone's attention began to wander, he would look up from his massive volume and roar at the culprit: "Come out, you! You seem to forget that my spectacles reflect everything!"

Mother sometimes sent me pocket-money which I would spend on chocolate creams, buns and ginger pop. But one day Lampitt stopped that, telling her: "He must accept only what is given to him at the school. The boy already has a tendency to show off."

So I wrote to Mother asking for five shillings to pay for "a chapel window I have broken." I had done nothing of the sort, but I duly received the money in the post. Encouraged, I next wrote and informed Mother that I had lost a textbook. Mother, having just planned to visit me at school, decided to bring the money with her. I was startled when I was told to report to the Head's study, but was relieved and overjoyed to find "Ma" there, holding a promising-looking suitcase.

Groped For Coins

"Your mother has come to take you to tea," Lampitt said.

We were about to leave, when to my horror Mother produced five separate shillings, which she handed to the Head, saying: "Here is the money for the textbook Gilbert lost."

Lampitt said nothing.

That night, before he began one of his readings from Dickens, he said: "Stand up, Harding, liar and thief! Listen, I keep my money in my study desk, in a cash box in the lower left-hand drawer. The box is never locked. If you ever want money, you know where to steal it—from me, not your mother."

Lampitt then flung the shillings at me, ordering me to pick them up.

I refused.

"Pick them up!" he shouted.

I slunk from my desk and, on all fours, groped for the money.

"Now get out!" Lampitt thundered when I had collected my pieces of silver. I did so, feeling like Judas Iscariot.

It was the most chastening moment of all my schooldays.

NEXT WEEK: Gilbert Harding reaches university, and settles down to enjoy himself. ***The book version of "Along My Line" will be published this winter by Putnam & Co. Ltd.***

"Harry's taken the kids fishing—so I'm settling down to a nice quite afternoon"

DEATH AND THE SKY ABOVE

Continued from page 18

as certain as anything can be that Hilary made that phone call—and, having got through, would he be likely to break off without speaking? Besides, if the girl didn't pick him up, who did? And then there's her behaviour on the road, her lying about the dinghy, the sleeping-bag gone—everything fits. Absolutely everything."

"Except that the dinghy isn't in the river!"

"Yes," said Bates bitterly, "and that's something I just can't understand."

With a touch of irritation the A.C. said: "Well, if it's not there, it's not there. Don't think I'm blaming you for organizing that search, Inspector—you had a good lead and you were quite right to follow it. But we can't go on clinging to a theory if the facts don't support it. After all, the girl did have an answer to everything—she *may* be telling the truth. The dinghy might have been stolen during the summer as she suggested."

"I suppose so," Bates conceded. "I'm told dinghy thefts are fairly common. It could have been towed away and had its name painted out."

The A.C. nodded. "And if that *is* what happened, we've no solid grounds for believing that Hilary has been anywhere near the Medway at all?"

"No, sir."

"In fact, we can go farther. If Hilary didn't take the dinghy with a full load of supplies that night, it's pretty certain he *hasn't* been there, because he'd have needed help, and the girl hasn't given him any. Isn't that the position?"

"Yes, that's true enough," Bates admitted. "We've had her under surveillance day and night, and she's made no attempt to communicate with him."

"What's her general attitude been like? Has she behaved like a woman who knew nothing?"

"Yes, I suppose she has," said Bates grudgingly. "She's been anxious for news, buying papers and listening to the radio, and looking very distressed. Of course, with her training I'd expect her to be able to put on a good act if she wanted to."

"Yes, that's a point." The A.C. was silent for a while, weighing up the position. "All the same, Inspector," he said at last, "considering how thin the evidence is, I don't think we're right to concentrate on her the way we have been doing. I agree there's a suspicious chain of events, but they've led us into a dead end. I suggest we give her a break for a few days—leave her alone and give her the feeling she's absolutely safe. Then we'll suddenly crack down again. If she does know where he is, we're much more likely to get results that way."

"Very well, sir."

"And meanwhile we'll switch the main effort to some of the other alternatives. If the girl isn't helping Hilary, someone else is, and we've got to find out who."

Bates looked glum. "We've checked up on all his friends, but I'll have a new check made right away. Otherwise, of course, our best hope is still that some member of the public will recognize him. By this time every man, woman and child in the country must know his features."

The A.C. glanced at the pile of letters on his desk. "That's not an unmixed blessing, Inspector," he said sourly.

The inspector rolled up the map of the Medway with an air of finality and slipped an elastic band over it. At least, he thought, as he went stiffly out, he'd finished with those damned saltings!

After the intolerable agony of the morning, Kathryn felt almost light-headed with joy. She had no idea how Charles could have managed it, but he was still free.

For the first time since their parting under the sea-wall, she could feel a reasonable hope that she would soon be able to see him again. But not yet! First, she must make absolutely certain that the cottage was no longer being watched and that she herself was free to move about without being followed. Both these things were more likely to happen, she decided, if she left the district, as she had already half

planned to do, and went to some place where the innocence of her activities could be established beyond all question.

This was surprisingly easy. In a brief interview with the crestfallen inspector, she said that she was tired of being badgered by newspaper men. Disarmingly, she confided to Bates that she would be staying with her brother in Norwich and begged him not to disclose the fact to the press. That night she drove to London.

Her stay in Norwich proved to be a stern exercise in self-discipline. It was even harder to keep away from the cottage than she had expected it would be. She missed the reassuring view of Twinney Island and the comforting sense of Charles's nearness, and although she kept telling herself that he had everything he needed, for the time being, and that no harm could possibly come to him, she couldn't help worrying, particularly at night.

She tried to turn the sleepless hours to profit by considering the tasks that lay ahead. She found herself thinking about Louise Hilary and wondering if there weren't some way in which she could personally probe the dead woman's secret history. Only sheer physical prostration had prevented her from making the attempt after the trial, and it still seemed to be the most hopeful line of inquiry.

Meanwhile, in case the police should still be watching her, she behaved at all times in a determinedly unsuspicious manner. By day she stuck closely to her sister-in-law, Muriel, shopping with her and taking the children for walks and helping in the house. In the evenings she stayed indoors. Though she often longed to share her real troubles, she knew she must keep her own counsel about Charles, for his sake and for everyone else's. She continued, therefore, to play the part of a woman deeply anxious about the fate of her missing lover and totally ignorant of his whereabouts.

By the end of the third day she felt satisfied that her police escort had been withdrawn. She had kept a careful lookout during a trip to the sea in her car with the young Forrester family, and no one had followed them. By now the newspapers must know where she was, for people frequently recognized her in the streets and word would have got about, but she had no more trouble with reporters. The papers, having printed everything about the hunt that they could think of, were contenting themselves with brief daily paragraphs headed "Hilary Still Missing." The heat was off.

On the fourth day, she returned to London. She did some shopping, and the same evening, after dark, she drove down to the Medway. Her plans were fluid. If by any chance the police were still hanging about the creek, she was prepared to walk round the sea wall and swim out to the island as Charles had done on the night of his escape. If the police had gone, it would be a simple matter for him to join her at the cottage.

In fact, the place appeared to be deserted when she pulled up by the shingle just after midnight. There were no cars or lights, no stealthy footsteps, no sounds at all but the plaintive calling of curlews across the marshes. In case her flashing headlights had failed to waken Charles, she slammed the car door several times to announce her arrival. Then she lit the sitting-room lamp and stood silhouetted for a while in the doorway. The sky was partially overcast and the outline of Twinney Island was barely visible. The tide was right out.

She was just beginning to feel a little concerned at his lack of response when a sound reached her that no night bird could have made—a faint wolf-whistle out of the darkness. Satisfied, she turned and began to consider the preparations she must make. He would want a good meal when he came, and a hot drink, and—since he would probably swim in naked to avoid getting his clothes wet—something to keep him warm while they talked.

She fetched the rug from the car, and some wood for the sitting-room fire. As soon as she had got a cheerful blaze going she heated coffee and soup and filled two new vacuum flasks. Almost all the stores had disappeared from the larder, but she had foreseen that he might have visited the cottage in her absence and had brought plenty of food with her.

When she had done all she could in anticipation of his needs, she lay down on the settee to wait. The tides were much later than when she had been here last—it would be nearly four o'clock in the morning before there was enough water for him to get ashore without leaving marks. As the hours wore on, she dozed fitfully, starting up in alarm when an ember fell into the grate or one of the old beams creaked. Her nerves were on edge. What she feared was a repetition of the sudden swoop that had brought on the first crisis.

But this time she wasn't disturbed, and at half past three she got up and went outside. The air had become very close, and she had a feeling that the long spell of fine weather might be drawing to an end. It looked as though she had come back none too soon.

By now the moon had risen behind the clouds and the line of the island was much clearer. The creek, already covered from bank to bank with gleaming water, looked tranquil and lovely; the soft gurgle of the flowing tide was soothing. Not much longer, she thought. In half an hour there would be a depth of two feet over the mud, and that would be enough for him.

She sat down on the shingle, listening and watching. Somewhere out there, across the ribbon of silver, he must be listening and watching, too. Her excitement grew at the thought of his nearness. It seemed weeks since she had parted from him, and years since she had felt his arms around her.

Once she scrambled to her feet in haste as a light showed at the end of the causeway, but it was only the lamps of a night lorry on the main road, and it soon passed. Once she went indoors to tend the fire. Slowly the minutes dragged by.

THEN, at last, she heard a new sound from the direction of the island—the splash of water. He was coming! She opened the cottage door so that the light would guide him, and gazed with straining eyes across the creek.

A shaft of moonlight suddenly broke through the clouds, and in that moment she caught the gleam of his wet body and the white flash of his arms. He was swimming in fast. It seemed only a matter of seconds before he had struggled out on to the shingle and joined her.

"*Kathryn!*"

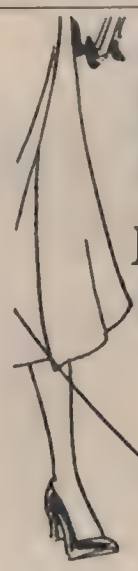
"Darling!" she said in a breathless whisper. "Oh, darling!" She drew

To round-off the picnic, include Robinson's Barley Water; there's nothing like it to refresh young and old when hot weather or hard exercise raises a thirst and saps energy. Robinson's Barley Water is a drink with a difference—it's made with Robinson's "patent" Barley. Take Old Hethers' advice and order a bottle today.

Lemon or Orange

THREE SHILLINGS A BOTTLE

CVS-27



What the UP-TO-DATE dog-owner knows—

SCRAPPY FEEDS ARE NO GOOD TO A DOG!

Look at his teeth and see the reason! Designed for crushing and grinding his food, his teeth show he needs food that provides nourishment for his body *plus* exercise for his jaws and teeth. Table scraps are not what the canine digestion needs. Your dog just gulps the scrappy food down and, still unsatisfied, wags his tail hopefully for more. What he needs is something to get his teeth into! He needs Spratt's Biscuits to sustain him and give him energy and vigour.

Pages 29-35 of Spratt's famous book "Guide to Dog Management" deal comprehensively with feeding. 88 pages packed with authentic information on all aspects of Dog Ownership, complete with 8 plates in full colour showing no less than forty-one breeds. Get a copy from your Spratt's stockist, price 1/6d., or 1/8d. post free from Dept. J.B. at the address below.

BE GUIDED BY DOG EXPERTS' TESTIMONY

Miss Olwen Gwynne-Jones, noted Canine Expert, in her book "Modern Kennel Management" (published by Popular Dogs Publishing Co. Ltd. at 12/6 net), writes :—

. . . "A good firm of dog biscuit manufacturers has a high standard, both in the actual nutritive content of their products and in their preparation, but there are quite a number of dubious-sounding foods which are advertised in glowing terms, cheapness being one of their apparent advantages". . . .

SPRATT'S BISCUIT DOG FOODS

BONIO · MIXED OVALS · WEETMEET
PUPPY BISCUITS · DOG CAKES
. . . with SPRATT'S MEAT (Sold in tins)

See the name SPRATT'S on Biscuits and Package

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., 41-47 BOW ROAD, LONDON, E.3

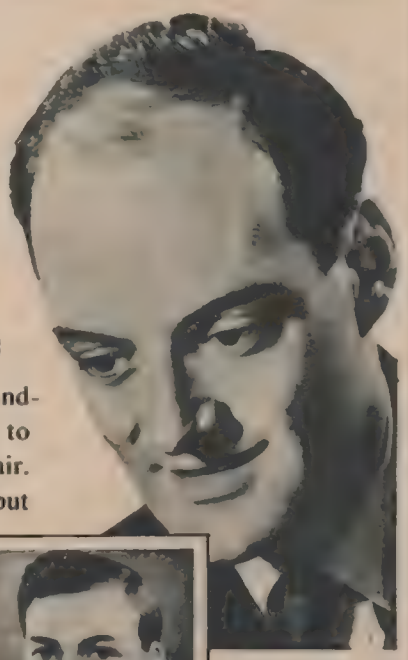
You'll soon know your way around here – I'm glad you've delivered today, my stock was getting a bit low. But this lot won't be here long. I'll tell you something, young man. There's no lack of trade, if you deal in quality. And that's what you do, and I do. Whitbread's Pale Ale is certainly the backbone of my bottled beer trade. Every bottle bright, lively and full-flavoured, they say. No one minds paying a little more for it. But here—fancy me telling *you!*

My customers say —

the best of the light ales is a WHITBREAD

WHITBREAD & CO. LTD., LONDON, W.C.I.

He had plenty of Hair *4 years ago–*



BUT HE IGNORED WARNING SIGNS

One day you may be in this position—and probably will—unless you are prepared to be intelligent about the care of your hair. Loss of hair seems to come so quickly; but it rarely occurs without warning signs, and up-to-date knowledge of hair growth makes hair health a matter of plain common sense.

The photograph on the left was taken in March 1949. Less than 4 years later, deterioration in hair-health had reached the stage shown in the photograph above.

Hair is made up from as many as eighteen different substances, called amino-acids. If even one of these amino-acids is missing, your hair will not grow correctly—may not grow at all — for lack of proper nourishment.

The simplest way to make up for any shortage is to massage Silvikrin into the scalp. For *Pure Silvikrin* contains *all* the 18 amino-acids vital for the formation of healthy hair.

Silvikrin, which is a unique bio-chemical treatment, aims at a *fundamental* improvement in your hair health.

For severe cases of dandruff, greasy scalp and thinning hair, you must use Pure Silvikrin (11|3 for a month's supply). For less severe cases use Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion or, if your hair is dry, Silvikrin Lotion with Oil, the 'right-style' hairdressing. Both 2|6 and 4|4½ a bottle.

Silvikrin

THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

SP-33

him into the house and quickly shut the door.

He took her in his arms and held her close, his bearded face rough against her cheek. She felt the wetness of him soaking through her clothes, but clung to him, oblivious of everything but the ecstasy of their meeting.

"Kathryn!" he murmured again, as though he couldn't say her name often enough. He twined her hair in his hands and pressed her head against his breast. "How I've longed for this—just to have you back!" He held her face so that he could look at her, and kissed her lips, and then drew her close to him again. "God, it's been lonely without you!"

"My love! You know I didn't want to leave you, don't you? I only went because it seemed the best way to get rid of the police. . . ."

"You've been wonderful, Kathryn, completely wonderful. I'm sure it was the right thing to do. . . ." He kissed her again, and released her with a sigh.

She became practical. "There's food all ready," she said. "We'll talk in a minute." She gave him the rug and made him sit by the fire while she fetched soup and ham and new brown bread.

He fell to, ravenously. While he ate, she studied his face.

"You've lost weight, darling. Do you feel all right?"

"I'm fine," he said. "Hard as nails. Has anything happened? Any new developments?"

She told him what little there was, and he told her how he had escaped police inspection on the island. He ate while they talked, and presently he pushed his plate aside and sat back with a long sigh of satisfaction. "Gosh, that was good—I'd almost forgotten what real food tasted like."

She lit a cigarette for him and poured out coffee. "How long will you be able to stay here?"

"Not more than an hour."

"Then we mustn't waste time. What are we going to do? Have you thought?"

"I've done nothing else but think." He drew slowly on his cigarette. "I believe there's only one hope for me. I'll have to get a boat and somehow cross to France."

She looked at him aghast. "But, darling, you don't know how. . . . It's too desperate. You've never——"

"We *are* desperate. I won't pretend I like the idea, but what's the alternative?"

She wished she could have produced a cut-and-dried plan, but all she could say was: "Somehow or other to prove your innocence, I suppose."

He shook his head. "It's not realistic, darling. There are only two possible ways of doing that—to find out who really killed Louise, or to establish my alibi for the time when she was killed—and I don't see any prospect of doing either."

"I'm not so sure," she said earnestly. "I did some thinking, too, while I was at Norwich—about Louise, and those hotel visits of hers. I'm certain we were right about her meeting some man—she just wasn't the sort of woman to go away on her own. And if we could discover who it was. . . ."

"But all that was gone into at the time."

"Oh, I know Fairey, your lawyer, employed inquiry agents, but we don't really know how good they were, do we? They may have been most efficient, but I always felt I'd much sooner trust myself on a job like that. I believe if I went to stay at those hotels I might find out something."

He considered. "Even if you did, it would take ages to prove anything. What would I be doing in the meantime?"

"Couldn't you stay on the island just a little longer? Oh, darling, I know it's horrible for you; it must seem as though you're the only person left alive in the world, but at least it's safe. We could easily stock it with provisions now that we're not being watched, and we might even fix up some sort of shelter for you. It would give me a chance—even if I only had a week or two."

"I daren't risk it. I can take the discomfort—that isn't what worries me. The thing is: if I *am* going to get to the Continent I must do it at once, before the weather breaks. If I miss my chance now, I may find myself stuck here, and I don't believe anyone could survive a winter on Twinney Island."

She gave an involuntary shiver. "That's impossible, of course—but surely there's *some* place you could hide—somewhere a bit more comfortable, where I could still keep you supplied?"

"Let us face it, Kathryn—there

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Cool passion

MOST of us are broad-minded enough to see two points of view—our own and the one that is wrong. In other words, we are narrow minded and prejudiced.

Yet there is no greater need today than for unemotional thinking. Emotion should be reserved for the action that follows thought. Rational decisions should be carried out with all the passion at our command.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"Mmmmm! That smells good, dear—what is it?"

isn't. Not in England. I'm too well known by now, and everybody's looking out for me. We've survived these few days because we've had a lot of luck and the weather's been perfect, but if we try our luck too far, we shall come to grief. Something will go wrong—one of us will make a mistake—and that will be the end. If I stay in this country I shall be caught—there's nothing as certain as that. It's a hard thing to have to admit, but flight is my only chance—and the sooner the better."

Kathryn studied his drawn, determined face and suddenly she knew that any more argument would be a waste of breath. "You've made up your mind, haven't you?"

"Yes, my love. I think I must take the boat while I can."

"All right," she said quietly. "When do we start?"

"I'll have to make the crossing alone."

"You know I won't let you do that."

"I must, Kathryn. I'm not just trying to save you a bad trip: I've worked it all out, and there's no other way. I don't mean that you shouldn't come to France, but you've got to be there strictly on the level, with a properly stamped passport. Then you, at least, will be able to move and make arrangements without fear of the police. You'll be able to change money at the banks, for one thing—they always want to see one's passport. You'll be able to travel freely, too—you'll be able to come back to England any time you like and see lawyers and people. You'll be able to make those hotel inquiries later on. But if we both go over in Witch and land surreptitiously, we'll neither of us have any freedom: we'll both be hamstrung."

"Yes, I see that, of course," she said slowly.

He went on quickly: "What I suggest is that you go back to town and collect your foreign currency allowance and your passport and a case of things, and then cross openly to Calais and wait for me there. I can't be sure when I'll arrive, but whenever it is I'll try to make a landfall after dark, and we must have elastic arrangements about meeting. After that, we'll decide on the next step."

"Will you still have to keep hidden?"

"I expect so, up to a point, but it'll be much safer there than here. Of course, the French police may have been warned to keep an eye open for me, but they're more casual than our own police and, at least, my face won't be known to every man and woman in the street. And there's the climate to think of—we can work our way down south, and even if I have to sleep out for a while, it won't matter. . . ." He caught her look of dismay. "I'm sorry, sweetheart, I'm afraid it's not much of a prospect, and I'll still have to rely on you at every turn. . . ."

"That's not what's worrying me," she said. "It's the practical difficulties. For one thing, a single forty-pound travel allowance isn't going to last us long. What shall we do for francs when it's gone?"

"There must be ways of getting hold of more—other people seem to manage it. I don't think that'll be an insuperable problem."

She met his gaze unhappily. "There's another thing, Charles. Surely when the police hear that a Medway boat has been abandoned off the French coast they're bound to guess that it was you who took her? And then they'll know where you've landed."

"I thought of that," he said. "I'm afraid we'll have to sink her offshore. I shall hate doing it, but we can get Peter a new boat in the end, and I'm sure he'll forgive me."

She nodded—it was a measure of their desperation that the scuttling of a friend's boat seemed almost a trifling matter.

For a while she sat in dejected silence, thinking about the plan.

"Well, I suppose it might work," she said at last, "and I do realize how important it is that I should be free to move about. All the same, couldn't I come part of the way with you?"

"*Part* of the way? How?"

"Well, we'd have to work it all out, but you'll have a dinghy, and I should think you could put me ashore near Dover after dark if we timed it carefully. I'd be with you for three-quarters of the trip then, and you'd only have the actual Channel crossing to do by yourself."

"It would be taking a hell of a chance. Timing things carefully in a small boat isn't easy. No, darling. . . ."

"At least, there's a little more hope if we both go. I admit I'm not much good with boats, but I can hold the tiller while you get some rest, and that's the most important thing. Charles, you know I'm right about this. Take me to Dover."

For a while he didn't answer her. It wasn't an easy decision. There was the personal risk to Kathryn, and the chance that he might not be able to land her. But he knew in his heart that she was right about the single-handed passage. The least bit of bad weather would defeat him.

"All right, darling," he said at last. "We'll start together, anyhow."

She smiled. "That's better. Now we can really get down to things."

Charles took a rusty old alarm clock with him back to the island, in a waterproof toilet bag. The plan demanded fairly accurate timing. He slept well that night and rested all the following day. Now it was four hours to dawn—and a strenuous night's work to get through! The sky was cloudy again, but there would be enough moonlight to see what he was doing.

At a quarter past two he drew on his sea-boots, scrambled down the wall, and set off across the mud to recover the dinghy. There was a firm bottom near the shore, and at first he hardly sank above his ankles, but as he got farther away from the island he came across soft, knee-deep patches where it was all he could do to take another step. In the lonely darkness the journey was eerie and frightening. Once he lost his balance altogether and fell sprawling in the muck; once a foot came up without its boot, and he had to pull and heave on the slippery rubber with his hands before the mud yielded it up with a reluctant *plop*.

Behind him he left a deep, ineradicable trail which he knew would outlast many tides. But that no longer worried him: with luck, he would be out of reach before anyone became interested.

As he advanced, the going became heavier, the scene more desolate. He was ploughing through a squelchy sepia waste, with no water or land visible and no distinguishing features to guide him. A luminous patch of cloud over the moon gave him a rough idea of his direction, but he had been forced to make several detours, and soon he had only the vaguest idea where he was. He would have liked to stop and consider, but the pull of the mud warned him that he might get stuck unless he kept moving. When at last he caught a distant gleam from the pool where he had concealed the dinghy, he thought he had never seen a more welcome sight.

Locating the boat took longer than he had expected. He had sunk it at high water after sounding with a line improvised from the tarred twine he had picked up under the island wall. At low tide, if his calculations had been right, it should have been lying at the edge of the pool, easily accessible, but at first he could see no sign of it. Then his probing foot stubbed on the dinghy's painter where it joined the tiny anchor buried in the mudbank and, by following the rope, he found the boat in nearly three feet of water. The incoming tide was just beginning to flow: he had cut things dangerously fine.

He stripped off his clothes, rolled them into a bundle, and put them on the bank. Then, from under the thwarts, he began to lug out the heavy stones that he'd used to weight the dinghy. He had to work half submerged, with the mud dragging at his legs and the thick water running into his eyes.

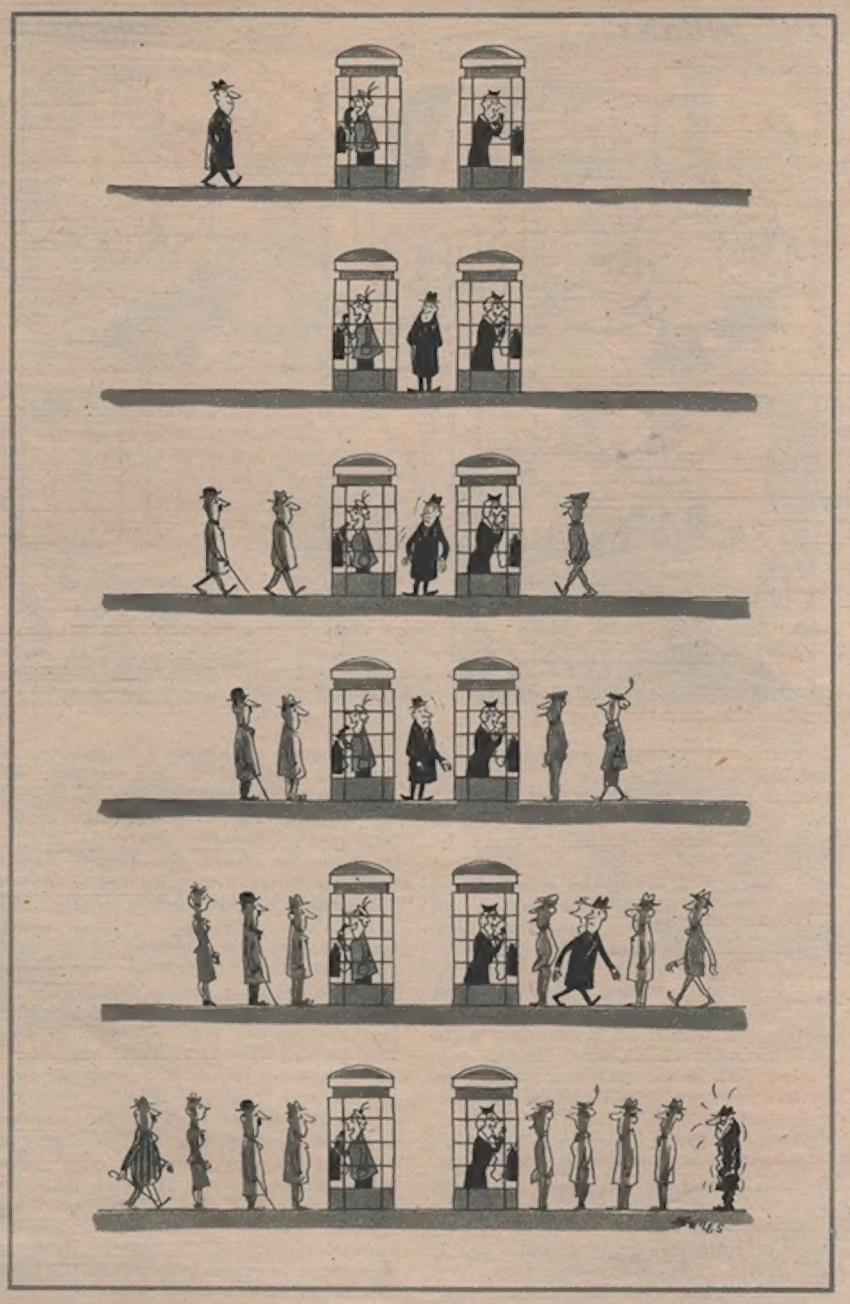
Even when his groping fingers told him that all the stones were out, it wasn't easy to haul the boat from the pool. The mud was getting softer as the rising water seeped through it, and by now the whole bank was churned into a morass in which he staggered and flounded like a drunken man. Sweat poured off him as he tugged and heaved. Little by little, the stern came up and out until he was able to bale and lighten the load. At last, with the tide swirling around his feet, he managed to tip the dinghy on to its side, drain it, and refloat it. He unfastened the oars which were tied across the thwarts, and snapped the strings that secured the rowlocks. Tender to Spray was in commission again.

He got his damp clothes and thankfully climbed aboard. It had been a hard struggle, but he had done it, and he felt a glow of achievement. There was no hurry now. The warm, close air soon dried him, and he dressed again. For a while he was content to let the dinghy drift with the young flood, knowing that the stream was setting him towards the cottage, which was his next stopping-place. By the time the gaunt outline of the roof appeared against the sky, the water was deep enough for him to row, and he pulled quietly in to the shingle and made fast.

Before leaving for London that morning Kathryn had made a quick trip into Rochester and laid in essential stores—a four-gallon jerrycan of petrol, a tin of oil, paraffin for the lamps and stove, a bottle of methylated spirits, and a quantity of fresh and canned food. For safety, she had hidden them away in the long, matted grass of the saltings some twenty yards from the cottage, watched by Charles from the island. Now he proceeded to clear the dump and load the things into the dinghy.

When everything was transferred he gathered up a few oddments that Kathryn had left ready in the sitting-room, locked the cottage, and sculled the boat across to Spray. From the tiny cabin he took charts and tide-tables, and from under the floorboards a dozen lumps of pig-iron ballast which he would need later on. Then he rowed back to the island to pick up the rest of the gear—a can of fresh water, his own sleeping-bag, the tarpaulin, and the precious binoculars. When he had finished, the dinghy was stacked to the gunwales. He pushed the boat off from the "hard."

By now the creek was almost full, and the surface of the water was as smooth and motionless as quicksilver. The next stage of the journey should be less arduous, for he would have the



Consider your verdict

Arthur lost the case on page 41. The court agreed that Stephen, who drove Arthur's car, was not a servant—or an agent in the usual sense. But, said the judge, Stephen was not merely driving with Arthur's permission, he was under "a moral or social obligation" to drive. Because of the holiday, Arthur had a real interest in Stephen driving the car to Copenhagen, and all this was enough to make Stephen an agent in this case. (*This is the probable decision, based on actual judgments*).

Have a GOOD RUM for your money

A PLEASURE
NOT TO BE MISSED

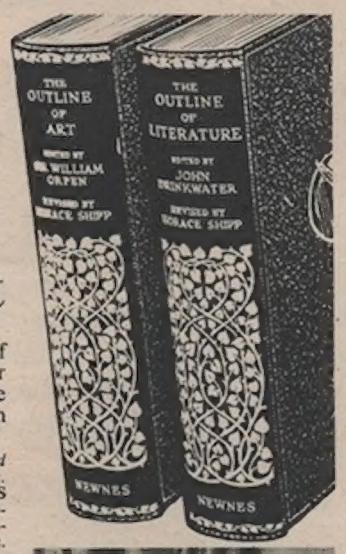
Examine for 7 days without obligation

The Outline of Literature and Art

NEW AND ENLARGED DE LUXE EDITION

This is one of the most comprehensive surveys of the wide panorama of Literature and Art ever published. It will help you to appreciate more fully the work of the great masters, and the often controversial Literature and Art of to-day.

YOU WILL ENJOY: *Famous Myths and Legends. Sacred Books. Renaissance. Shakespeare. Milton. Bunyan. Pepys. Burns. Dickens, etc. The Modern Writers.* ART PLATES *include The Last Supper* and *Mona Lisa* (da Vinci). *The Laughing Cavalier* (Frans Hals) *and masterpieces by* Titian, Gainsborough, Turner, Renoir, Michael Angelo, Constable, etc.



YOU RECEIVE FOR 7 DAYS' EXAMINATION

2 Superbly bound volumes, decoration in REAL GOLD.
1,836 Profusely illustrated pages.
400 Whole-page illustrations and **88** Plates in full colour and rich monochrome
300 World-famous paintings are reproduced.
FREE! "A MANUAL OF GOOD ENGLISH" (value 10/6)
318 pages. Presented to every purchaser of "The Outline of Literature and Art." For all who want to read, write and speak correctly.

"Ballet Girl and Dressmaker" — Dame Laura Knight.

SEND NOW! NO COST—NO OBLIGATION

To George Newnes, Ltd., 66-69 Great Queen St., London, W.C.2

YES, send me THE OUTLINE OF LITERATURE AND ART. It is understood that I may return the work within eight days. If I keep it I will send a first payment of 10s. eight days after delivery, and 10s. monthly thereafter, until £5 5s. has been paid. Cash price within eight days is £5.

NAME.....
(*block letters*)
ADDRESS.....

.....

Occupation.....

Signature.....
(*or your Parent's Signature if under* 21)
OLA 36/3

HOUSEOWNER or TENANT? (Strike out one)

"Lady in a Rocking Chair" —Pablo Picasso.

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

multitudes of antique homes claim "George Washington slept here." We had no King Charles to sleep in oak trees, but we have hundreds of oaks under which thousands of treaties were signed with innumerable Indians. —R. J. MOULTON, East Orange, New Jersey, U.S.A.

Policeman's Job

JOHN BULL'S editorial on police duties was of especial interest to me as a spare-time pig-keeper. Twice a year I buy two young pigs for fattening. To comply with the Diseases of Animals Act, the man who sells them to me informs the local police, and within a few hours a constable calls to see that they have arrived. Twenty-eight days later the police look me up again, presumably to see that the pigs are settling in nicely. Swine fever is a serious matter, but the work could be done just as well by men too old for normal police service.—A. Y., Ipswich, Suffolk.

. . . A constable who brings a drunken or dangerous driver to court is doing a job as valuable as that of his colleague who catches a small-time thief.—MRS. V. T., Ashford, Middlesex.

It is the responsibility of the policeman, acting as an inspector representing the local authority, to ensure that for their first twenty-eight days in their new home the animals are kept isolated from other pigs, says an officer of the Suffolk County Police. This is done to guard against the spread of infection.

Man At Work

WALKING home one night, my girl friend saw an old man stumbling among the uprooted flagstones on a road repairs site. She seized him firmly by the arm and led him past the scene of the excavations to safety. Then, when she asked him if he would be all right, he said: "It's very kind of you to help me, my dear, but I must go back now—you see, I'm the night-watchman."—P. A. CHALLIS, Brownhills, Walsall, Staffs.

No Tails On

MANY mothers try to keep "nightmare" nursery rhymes and pictures from their children ("Free Speech," September 5). When my daughter was given a nursery-rhyme book for her second birthday, I decided to cut out a page with a picture showing the Three Blind Mice and the bloodstained carving knife which had just cut off their tails. Unfortunately my daughter saw the picture before I had a chance to remove it. I expected her to scream with terror. But all she said, quite philosophically, was: "Poor mouses—no tails on!"—MRS. K. T., Carlisle.

Stranded Scots

AFTER a holiday in Switzerland, my friend and I, two kilted youths, found ourselves in London with no money and nothing to eat—we had missed our coach home to Scotland. We had a tent with us, so we inquired at a police station about a camping site. "There's no site for miles but, if you care to wait, we may have a vacant cell," said the constable on duty. We waited, and in the station canteen we were given tea, bread and butter and chips. As it happened, we missed our cell; it was occupied just before midnight. The sergeant apologized for this and asked us if we would mind making do with the public waiting-room. My friend slept on the table and I spent the night on three wooden chairs. We were called in the morning with tea and a cigarette. — S. MCGINNIS, Renfrewshire.

Cover Girls

MY daughter, who is six, gazed with delight at Harry Zelinski's cover-painting (September 5) and said:

"Mummy, these children are wearing my school uniform!" — MRS. D. McEVOY, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

Zelinski's models were his daughters Diana, a pupil at the preparatory school for St. Bernard's Convent, Westcliff-on-Sea, and Pauline, who is joining her sister this term. He has dressed them in the school uniform, with its yellow and navy tie changed to one in two shades of blue.

Seeds In Ohio

THE disabled ex-serviceman who plants flowers in country lanes ("Free Speech, September 5) had a forerunner in America known as Johnny Appleseed. Wearing sackcloth or skins, he travelled barefoot in Ohio, carrying a satchel containing seeds and plants. These he would scatter as he wandered along. Sometimes he stopped at a cabin and made the settler a present, such as a seedling of Norwegian spruce. But apple seeds were, of course, his speciality.—J. T., Derbyshire.

Johnny Appleseed, who always carried a Bible as well as his seeds, was John Chapman, who died in his seventies in 1847.

Lantern Parades

MY two daughters have been joining the German children here in their delightful lantern marches. As darkness falls, groups of youngsters parade the streets, singing and carrying paper lanterns on sticks. Each lantern is lit by a candle, and some are decorated with painted faces. — MRS. B. BRISTOW, Hesedorf, Germany.

These processions are held in all parts of Germany throughout September and in early October. Originally they marked the happy breathing-space between the bringing home of the harvest and the hard winter that lay ahead.

ANOTHER MAGNIFICENT SUPPLEMENT NEXT WEEK

HORNBLOWER AND THE NELSON TOUCH

by C. S. FORESTER

See announcement on page 13

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

'BULLETS' GIANT 41st BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION OFFER THIS WEEK

Win £750

CASH 1st Prize for 2, 3 or 4 Words plus CELEBRATION WEEKEND for TWO

Other Awards £10 £9 £8 £7 £6

2 of £5 10 of £2 10 of £1

2,000 'Bullets' 41st Birthday SOUVENIR PRIZES

£50 2nd PRIZE plus Celebration for Two

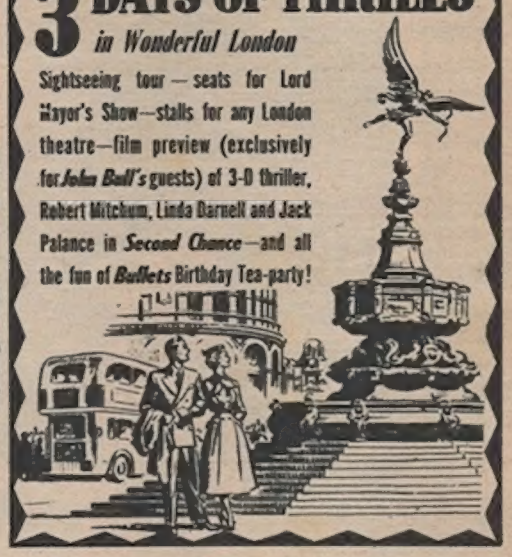
£25 3rd PRIZE plus Celebration for Two

£75 TELEVISION SET also must be won

CHOICE of TV for highest prize-winner (excepting First) whose winning entry was one of FOUR or more *Bullets* on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet. Extra cheque may be chosen if preferred. For other such published winners, *Bullets* £1 Season Tickets as Bonuses.

3 DAYS OF THRILLS in Wonderful London

Sightseeing tour — seats for Lord Mayor's Show — stalls for any London theatre — film preview (exclusively for *John Bull's* guests) of 3-D thriller, Robert Mitchum, Linda Darnell and Jack Palance in *Second Chance* — and all the fun of *Bullets* Birthday Tea-party!



PRIZES value over £1,250

and look out next week for

'John Bull's £2,000 BOMBSHELL!

OUTSTANDING serials, stories and articles . . . *John Bull* brings you all these, *plus* the £1,500,000 competition which has broken all records. Let *Bullets* add unlimited extra entertainment to the pleasure you get from these pages—and start this week by enjoying an amusing half-hour with the liveliest of all competitions. Study the latest winners . . . make some *Bullets* . . . that's the way to £750!

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* given. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line — then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Challenge To Britain
Fruits Of Science
Doctor Adenauer
Winter's Coming, So
Fit For A Queen
Money Mania
Chills Our Blood
Brighter Television
Solid And Sensible
Another Crisis
Woman With A Secret
Clouds Of Smoke
Walking Warily
Hole In The Wall
Silence Is Golden, But
Must Go On
Purring
Sentimental Slush
Barrel Of Gunpowder
Shouting Himself Hoarse

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Stop The.....And
Birth Of A.....
On The.....List
Like A Game Of.....
As Long As It.....
With The.....Around

"Bullets" Winners 1,900

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus Television Set: B. Marson, 8 Wheeldon Avenue, Derby:

Useful Little Gadget—For Testing "Calibre"—Wedding-ring.

£25: G. H. Bennett, Littleworth, Benson, Oxford: PRECIOUS AS — WESTMINSTER SITTING — ABBEY STANDING.

£20: A. E. Harben, 102 Gordon Street, Scarborough: PULLED TO PIECES — "*But*—" BY "*But*—", PEACE.

OTHER AWARDS. £15: H. Brownlow, 28 Williamson Street, Mansfield: PAPER, BOTTLES, TINS—*And* HUBBY'S WELCOME — OVERWHELMING! £10: A. Stannard, 11 Falconers Road, Scarborough: THE MISSING CUSTOMERS—HAVE FOUND *Service*. SHOPKEEPER! £5: R. A. Constance, 3 Francis Street, Cheltenham: FRESH HOPE—"SICK" PERSIA'S, *Without* "DOCTOR"! £5: R. Culpeck, 12 Canterbury Road, Folkestone: MAN WITH IDEAS—HOLD HIM—GIVE *Freedom*! £5: S. L. Hagan, 60 Seely Road, Tooting, S.W.17: SPONSORED TELEVISION—SELLS SOAPS, SHAMPOOS—*Sets*? £5: Mrs. J. I. Makin, 96 Millway Road Andover: FRESH HOPE—THE "CANDLE" *Prayer* LIGHTS. £5: J. Topp, 8 Emsworth Road, Lymington, Hants: PAPER, BOTTLES, TINS—AFFECTING BERLINERS' "VIEWS", *Parcels*.

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 *Bullets* Season Tickets and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

YOUR FIRST 'BULLET' FREE THIS WEEK

See next week's issue for FINAL GIANT BIRTHDAY OFFER!

CASH AND FOOD PRIZES FOR CROSSWORDS!

£100 FIRST PRIZE

AWARDS VALUE £25 AMONGST 1st RUNNERS-UP

UP TO 25 £2 JOHNNY-BASKETS —one with each Runner-up Award value £1 or over

"SIGNPOST" PRIZES for up to 500 2nd Runners-up

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

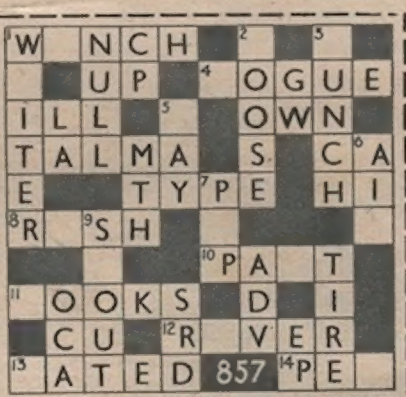
CLUES for XWORD No. 857

Across

1. You may get hurt if one flies off the handle
4. It astonishes a mere man how woman can be so fascinated by
8. A deliberate, self-controlled person will not often do such a thing
10. There are countries who cling most tenaciously to
11. Farmers get them on growing crops
12. Course of one is unlikely to be straight
13. A chap's work is likely to fall off when he's this
14. Man in grim despair sometimes finds what he wants in this

Down

1. The cheerful philosophy of one can do a lot to make him popular
2. Anyone ensnared will naturally struggle to break this
3. It ought definitely to have a pleasant smell
5. On the whole, people prefer one bright and gay
6. A chap may drift along just for want of
7. Is apt sometimes to run away with you
9. Is in advance of rest of body



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one Extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Oct. 17.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry equal to 16 Squares. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

I enclose P.O. value.....

No.....

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

Puzzle and Form strictly copyright.

857 Closing Postmark MON., OCT. 5

THRILLING £750 XWORD OFFER NEXT WEEK

BIG CHEQUES WON XWORD 852

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1. Sweat. 2. Bats. 4. Mob. 5. Rack. 8. Guile. 9. Pack. 10. Win. 11. Drear. DOWN: 1. Store. 2. Bouts. 3. Sheet. 6. Box. 7. Piper. 8. Gun. 9. Pike.

FOUR £100 SHARERS: E. P. Gilman, 10 Morley Road, Southport; J. A. Gower, Highfield, Belmont, Hereford; V. Stannard, 88 Borstal Hill, Whitstable; T. Tong, 156 Withins Lane, Bolton. Winners also share £25 Holiday Cash.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 17 entrants, each of whom receives Summer Surprise Parcel in addition. Useful "Signpost" Prizes to 2nd Runners-up.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated October 24, and in JOHN BULL dated October 31), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, October 17, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,905 result.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,905 (or Xword 857), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE	FREE
BULLET	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	

NOTE TELEVISION OFFER ABOVE for FULLY COMPLETED COUPON

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value..... No.....

1,905 Closing Postmark MON., OCT. 5

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

MAY WE SEND YOU THIS GUIDE TO SUCCESS? For practical help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, stick 2½d. stamp on right—this brings you *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated October 17. 718

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for "*Bulletin*"

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

2 DELICIOUS FLAVOURS IN 1

Yes, there's fresh, smooth Vanilla with rich sweet Strawberry—the *real thing!* Real Vanilla Beans—and juicy summer Strawberries. A Strawberry and Vanilla Family Brick costs 1/6d. There are many other flavours and varieties to suit all pockets and occasions, too!

Wall's – *the Ice Cream you can take home!*

But big sister gets the applause!

"If music be the food of love, play on"—that's what the poet said. But the poet hadn't heard little Susan playing. And even Mother, who's so proud of her daughter's progress—"Only six lessons, Aunt Mary, and *listen* to her"—even Mother quietly thinks that a little more practice might be a good thing.

Never mind. Relief is coming through the door. Big sister is bringing the Wall's—and never was it more welcome!

Take home some

Wall's *ice cream*

Wrap it in a newspaper —stays firm 2-3 hours

TO SLICE IT—*raise flap — pull back and unfold!*

TO SPOON IT—*open flaps at one end only!*

T. WALL & SONS LTD., LONDON, MANCHESTER, EDINBURGH